



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

### Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

### About Google Book Search

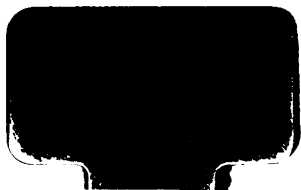
Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



P 84/5-1038

F. Wadsworth

BOD: M93.H00042







THE  
BROWN PAPERS.

BY

ARTHUR SKETCHLEY.

---

*REPRINTED FROM "FUN."*

---

LONDON  
"FUN" OFFICE, 80, FLEET STREET.

---

1866.

## Contents.

---

	PAGE
I. <i>Mrs. Brown at the Royal Academy</i> . . .	9
II. <i>Mrs. Brown goes to the Derby</i> . . .	15
III. <i>A Letter from a well-known Lady</i> . . .	20
IV. <i>Mrs. Brown at the Opera</i> . . .	25
V. <i>Mrs. Brown Visits the West End</i> . . .	32
VI. <i>Mrs. Brown at the Dramatic Fete</i> . . .	39
VII. <i>Mrs. Brown's Vote Solicited</i> . . .	43
VIII. <i>Mrs. Brown on the Army</i> . . .	49
IX. <i>Mrs. Brown makes a Night of it</i> . . .	55
X. <i>Mrs. Brown Visits the Monument</i> . . .	62
XI. <i>Mrs. Brown goes in for Bargains</i> . . .	68
XII. <i>Mrs. Brown at a Wedding</i> . . .	74
XIII. <i>Mrs. Brown pays a Neighbourly Visit</i> . . .	80
XIV. <i>Mrs. Brown among the Teetotallers</i> . . .	86
XV. <i>Mrs. Brown at the Old Bailey</i> . . .	93
XVI. <i>Mrs. Brown and the Emperor of the French</i> . . .	100
XVII. <i>Mrs. Brown on Domestic Servants</i> . . .	106
XVIII. <i>Mrs. Brown on Housekeeping</i> . . .	111
XIX. <i>Mrs. Brown and the Glasier</i> . . .	117
XX. <i>Mrs. Brown at Margate</i> . . .	122
XXI. <i>Mrs. Brown on the Move</i> . . .	127
XXII. <i>Mrs. Brown on the County Court</i> . . .	133
XXIII. <i>Mrs. Brown on Guy Fawkes</i> . . .	139
XXIV. <i>Mrs. Brown on Furnishing</i> . . .	145
XXV. <i>Mrs. Brown on the Lord Mayor's Show</i> . . .	151
XXVI. <i>Mrs. Brown gets a Treasure</i> . . .	158
XXVII. <i>Brown keeps his Birthday</i> . . .	164
XXVIII. <i>Mrs. Brown on Modern Houses</i> . . .	167
XXIX. <i>Mrs. Brown goes to an Evening Party</i> . . .	174
XXX. <i>Mrs. Brown on Society</i> . . .	180
XXXI. <i>Mrs. Brown has a Dog brought Home</i> . . .	186



## PREFACE.

---

*The following letter, in reply to one I had addressed to Mrs. Brown, will probably render any further introduction to the "BROWN PAPERS" unnecessary:—*

MR. SCRATCHLEY,—

The idea of you, Sir, a-asking my leave for to write a book about me is rich indeed, when I'm sure you've been and made that free with my name as will make me a by-word to my dyin' day, as the sayin' is, and not able for to put my nose over the door in comfort, tho' I'm sure a quieter neighbour wasn't never know'd; and as to asking my birthday, it's a downright insult, as is not likely for to send me no presents, I'm pretty sure; and as to your sayin' as I was born in the early sentry, I only wish as my dear mother was alive for to hear you, thro' my father bein' a fellowship porter, as couldn't bear the name of a soldier, 'aving had a brother as 'listed, and never heard on no more; not as he was much los, I should say, from what I've heard her speak about him, as was the terror of the family, thro' being given to liquor, and would pledge anything for to get it, till at last sold his-self for a shilling, and perished in the wars. But to say as I can remember the Regency is downright false, tho' living



in his Park seven years, and remembers it well, as was always damp, thro' bein' a clay soil, and 'ave heard say was a farm, tho' not the place for it as I should care about 'aving myself, as is very well for the country, but would never do in London, I should say; for it's bad enough to see the cattle drove thro' the streets, and what they'd be a-feeding all about the place, gracious knows, as I'm sure them sheep in the Park is a downright disgrace for blackness, as must spoil the wool, and give the meat a nasty flavor; leastways, I can't bear nothing smoked myself, as is downright carelessness, and what I never would have, for it spoils the tea, if the least bit gets in. All as I've got to say is that it's all thro' you as I've been brought to light at all, as is what I never would have put up with, and if BROWN had a-been a man of any sperrit he'd a-took it up, as the sayin' is. But law, p'raps it don't matter after all; for I'm not ashamed of myself, and don't care who knows about me, for I'm sure I've had my trials, if 'ard work is one; and now as I'm come to be more comfortable circumstanced, and can set at my ease a-looking backwards, and don't wish as things had been different, as might have been worse, for we knows what things 'as been, but don't never know what they might have been; tor I'm sure I've seen others worse off than myself, and yet never thought as it would come to it, thro' 'olding their 'eads that 'igh as is sure to have a fall, for a prouder woman than MRS. WHATMAN I never see, as walked about a-tossing of her 'ead like a oss *at a funeral* and nothing to be proud on, I'm sure,

vii.

with the bed took from under her, as is a painful position I should say, tho' p'raps them as is used to it don't feel it, as would be my death, to say nothing of the disgrace, as I'm sure some people ain't no feelin', or that MRS. WARNE never could have had the face for to put up "Genteel Apartments," when her place was a downright dog hole, and as to twelve shillings a week, it was highway robbery downright; and no wonder as parties always bolted, tho' as to her a-saying as that brought her to ruin, it's rubbish, for if ever there was a woman as took a drop, she was the party, a-sendin' out the girl for it all hours, downright brazen, as a bottle in the apron always looks bad in my opinion; but if you want to know any more about me ask the neighbours right and left, and you'll hear a plenty, as I've had to threaten with the law once or twice; so you look out as you don't go a-printing any things as is like a label on me, for I've got friends in the law, thro' one a-being a porter at a law stationer's these fifteen years, and my own niece's boy is in chambers in the Temple, as is a easy place at six shillings a week, tho' lonesome, thro' the gentleman always a-promising to be back in ten minutes, and never a-turning up no more. Mind, I don't want none of your flattering butter, a-talking about my virtues, and as to your a-sayin' as people likes me, that's all very well, but why ever shouldn't they, as never did them no 'arm, nor wouldn't hurt a fly was it ever so? Only, whatever you say, don't go about a-statin' as isn't true, for I never had a *consumption*, as you meant for to hawk me about on

book-stalls, tho' I'm sure there's a many I could give ideas to in welcome, as don't seem to have none in their own heads; tho' I will say as book-learnin' don't do much good, except to them as has their senses about 'em, and then books isn't necessary; but parties 'as often told me as I spoke like a book, as I'm sure any one is welcome for to hear. So no more at present, thro' MR. GIDDENS, as I've got to write it, being obligated for to go, and I 'turns him many thanks thro' 'aving took that pains over it, and remains, yours respectful,

MARTHA BROWN.



# THE BROWN PAPERS.

---

No. 1.

## Mrs. Brown at the Royal Academy.

---

**W**ELL, they may call it a academy if they likes, but it is no more like MR. SPANKER's as I used to wash for as had a blue board and gold letters in the Bow-road than nothing, and as for me going it was only thro' MRS. SIMMONS a-wishing to consult one of them West-end doctors about her throat, and feeling nervous says, "Would you mind for to accompany me, MRS. BROWN, now?" So I says as I would with pleasure thro' her being far from strong, and her own mother being gone to nurse another daughter as is married out at Rotherhithe. So we went in a cab as was the joltingest as ever I got into, with both windows up, thro' MRS. SIMMONS's throat, as a draught might have laid hold on.

When we gets to the doctor's, and was showed into a elegant room as had picters round about as seemed to speak like, one gent had a eye like a hawk as seemed to foller you all over the room. I couldn't a-set in that room alone with that picter was it ever so, and was glad when the gentleman as let us in as I took for the doctor, and began a-telling about MRS. SIMMONS, as checked me—too rude, but never mind, and certainly I never see such kindness as that doctor, never, tho' I was surprised as he should a-took me for MRS. SIMMONS's mother, as must be sixty if she's a day.

It give me a dreadful turn when I see that doctor a-ramming of drum-sticks, as I should call 'em, down Mrs. SIMMONS's throat, and am certain as would have choked me as couldn't even bear a herring-bone as was near my death. But it did wonders, for, law! she spoke quite clear. So I says, "If ever my throat is bad he's the man as I'll go to, and that liberal as wouldn't take her money," and away we goes.

So we walks on slow, for I says, "Mrs. SIMMONS, mum," I says, "Cabs is cabs, and runs into money;" so I says, "I don't see why a omblibus shouldn't do." So she was agreeable, and we wanders on, and took a bun, as is choking work if it hadn't been for a glass of ale, and I must say them West-end streets is wide and shady; and when we come near Charing-cross I see parties going up some steps, so I says to the policeman, "Whatever is a-going on here?" "Oh," he says, "it's the Royal 'Cademy!" "Oh," I says, indeed! What, where," I says, "the young princes goes to school, I presumes?" Well, he seemed to smile, and says, "No, as it were all picters." "What!" I says, "Royal picters?" "Yes," says he. "Oh, indeed!" I says. "Well," I says, "can any one go in?" "Yes," he says, "any one as pays a shilling." "Well," I says, "that ain't much for to see the Royal picters, as must be awful grand."

So Mrs. SIMMONS and me agrees to go up, and there was sentries a-standing guard, so we pays the money and goes in; not as I held with my umbrella being took away, and there's more stairs outside and in than I cares for; but certainly the picters was lovely with their gold frames a-gleaming, as the saying is. "Why," I says, "they must be worth millions. No doubt that's the reason they has soldiers to guard them." Mrs. SIMMONS she bought a book *all about 'em* as she would have read to me, only

parties kep' a-shoving and a-driving, and me not having my glasses couldn't read for myself.

I suppose as there ain't no one but ladies and gentlemen as goes to them picters, but of all the shoving and driving sets as ever I came a-near they beat 'em. I says, "Wherever are you a-coming to?" "We wants to see the Royal picters," says a young gal. "So do I," I says, "so wherever is the use of driving any one in the back like that?" and certainly that Royal picter was lovely, for all the world exactly like the waxwork as I see at the BAKER's bazaar, as is reg'lar life all but breathing. Well, this "Royal Marriage" is very near as handsome, tho' it don't look so grand thro' being small.

MRS. SIMMONS says to me, "In my opinion the QUEEN didn't ought to have gone like that." I says, "Wherever is the QUEEN?" "Why," says she, "the widow lady up in the window." "Go along," I says, "why she ain't got no crown on." "No," she says, "that's her way, she always is in weeds." "Ah!" I says, "some does go on like that. I'm sure if anything was to happen to BROWN, weeds would be my constant potion; not as I holds with weeds at a wedding; that's the reason, p'raps, as she have put on that bit of blue for to take off the black."

"Oh," says a young chap as was a-standing there, "that's the garter." I says, "Young man," I says, "however dare you mention such a thing afore ladies. You did ought to be ashamed of yourself." But he only giggled like a jackass, as I see he was.

Well, I was a-standing looking at a picter, tho' I'd seen one just like it all but the colours afore in the *Lustrous Penny Paper* as we takes in. I says to MRS. SIMMONS, "Did ever you see such 'eaps of parsons? One would think it was a misshnery meetin'." I says, "They can't have much to do." Well, a stout party as was standing near says to one of them very par-

sons, "As she couldn't see nothing, cos of this fat old woman as has been sticking here all the morning." I says, "Who are you a calling fat? I'm sure you'd better look at home for fat." So the parson he says, "My good woman, don't be offensive." I says, "Offensive," I says, "I scorns your words;" and I says, "As to sticking, I shall stick here as long as I please; and I think if you was at home a-preaching of your sermons you'd be better employed than a-idling away your time here." I says, "Offensive! if you come to that you're none so agreeable," and I walks off in a huff.

"Well," I says, "MRS. SIMMONS, I don't think much of these picters; give me wax-work as is more natural." She says, "Oh, I wants to see the PRINCE OF WALES!" So we goes to where he was a'-anging, and I never did—not a bit like the beautiful young gentleman in the velvet and whiskers as was being married, but a poor sick thing, as I says to MRS. SIMMONS, "If he was a child of mine, asses' milk would be the word with me."

Then there was horses and dogs all over the place, and picters of ladies and gentlemen as wore frill and velvets, with their boots a-shining like anything, and there was bishops as looked as tho' in pain, pertikler one as they call the BISHOP OF LONDON, as will be apoplexy very shortly if he will wear that stock, and there was another bishop as I took for a lady, thro' having of a red gownd and no crinoline, with clean muslin sleeves. And we met a lady as was very friendly, and knowd all about the picters and them as painted 'em. I says, "It's very tiring," I says, "to the eye to have to look up. Why ever do they hang 'em up there?" "Oh," she says, "them picters isn't 'Cademicians." "Oh," I says, "I suppose done by the day boys?" She only laughs and says as "There *is many as tries* all their lives to get hung and can't."

I says, "You may well say that; but," I says, "they hardly ever hangs any-one now-a-days."

Well, we sat down, we talked quite pleasant, for my feet was that shooting like jobbing daggers, and I really felt quite of a whirl, and was that sorry as I hadn't no refreshments with me, for picters is dry work, and then MRS. SIMMONS got in a fidget to be getting home; so we hadn't time for to study them like, but see one as give me quite a turn. MRS. SIMMONS said as it was a sacred one, but I should say it was the old gentleman with a pair of yellow horns a-branching out each side; so I was a-pointing 'em out to MRS. SIMMONS when up come a Jack-in-office of a policeman and says, "If I see you do it again you'll have to step it." "Step what?" I says. "Why," says he, "I've been a-watching you a-poking and a-pointing all the way round the room."

Well, just then a lady hollers out, "Oh, I'm robbed!" It give me such a turn. She says, "My portmoney is gone, and this old woman's been a-following me everywhere."

I thought I should have dropped, for the policeman takes hold of me, and poor MRS. SIMMONS she was ready to faint, and there was such confusion, and they was a-talking of searching me, and I don't know what, when all of a sudden the party as said she was robbed hollers out, "No, I've got it." "Well," I says, "you did ought to be ashamed of yourself," I says; "I won't stop in such a den of wagabones. It's my opinion as you looks more like a thief than a horse yourself, mum," and so I bounced out of the place, and, bless ye, if I hadn't been and dropped the ticket for my umbrella, and they wouldn't give it me, as in my opinion is all part of their swindling ways; and when we got out we was both that faint as we couldn't move a step, so was compelled to have a cab home, and all I've got to



say, its my belief as that 'Cademy is a humbug altogether, and I'm sure they don't learn no manners there ; and as to their picters, I'd rather see 'em quiet in the lustrous papers as I can enjoy in my own house.



## Mrs. Brown Goes to the Derby.

---

**T**HE Derby, indeed! I should like to catch myself-a-going. None of your races for me, MR. BROWN, as is things as has brought more parties to ruin than perhaps drink itself, as will undermine the pocket and bring sorrow to the heart. I ain't a-going to race. It's all very well to talk about MR. HEAFEY'S cart, but I knows what that is capable on, that time as we did go. Certainly the weather was lovely, and me a-panting for the green fields, so I give way.

So BROWN says, "Go or stop as you likes, but I'm off, and there's a seat in the cart for you." I says, "BROWN, if you think as I'm a-going to make a third on the front seat of that cart you're mistaken, for I'm sure, let alone being scrouged up, MR. HEAFEY'S elber in my side constant I can't stand," thro' him being that wiolent with that horse, and a-jerking at his mouth, and was enough to rinse his head off, so I says, "No, thank you." "Well," says BROWN, "then have a chair behind, where there's room, and ample, for four."

Certainly the day was what I call a lowery day, and I said as there'd be rain afore long, thro' the new moon-a-cornin' up very much on her back, and my feet being that throbby as made me jump agin, and I was up that early as made me feel tired afore we started. And touch a bit with my breakfast I could'nt was it ever so, and BROWN was that aggravatin' and

saying as I was dressed too hot, but I says, "I'm sure, BROWN, a-settin about in the open air all day is apt for to stagnate the blood, as will take a chill sudden."

MRS. HEAFEY, she's quite the lady, tho' thro' being his second, don't get on with his daughter by the first, as is older by two years, and as plain a gal as ever you set eyes on, but dressed out in a clear musling, as showed her black boots, as looked bad; and then there was little CHARLEY, as certainly MRS. HEAFEY do make a fool on, thro' him bein' the only one, and sickly from his birth; and there was MRS. HEAFEY's mother, as is a party I can't abear, thro' havin' seen her in liquor myself; and then there was BROWN and me, seven in all, and I'm sure the way as that cart tilted up when MRS. JARVIS, as is MRS. HEAFEY's mother, got in behind nearly pitched me backwards, and I was that aggravated with BROWN, as keep a-callin' of us ballast. And when we started, the way as the sharfs stuck out in front of that horse's head like horns was singler, but certainly he looked beautiful, thro' being dressed out lovely with lay locks and laburniums, and seemed quite proud on it, a-tossing of it up like a fellow-creature; and certainly a very pleasant drive we had, I must say; not as I was over comfortable, thro' the basket of provisions being crammed in so as I couldn't move my feet, and a large stone bottle of beer a-crowding up the bottom of the cart, and that boy CHARLEY a-keeping a climbing all over the cart, as I expected under the wheel at every turn.

Well, if it hadn't been for the dust as was clouds, I should have liked to have looked about me, and was thankful for a glass of ale now and then as we took, and it was very pleasant but for words atween BROWN and MR. HEAFEY about the road, as got thicker and thicker at every turn as we took; and I never did—sich elegance, the carriages with ladies dressed that *lovely as made you quite think as they must be*

duchesses at least; and the post boys with silk jackets and ribbins, and the gentlemen in their wails as looked very effemeral, and the driving and the hooting; but whatever they kep a-shooting peas at me for I can't think, tho' I'm sure some gentlemen outside of a four-horse coach was werry polite, and says, "Ow are you, MRS. BROWN?" and I certainly was very nigh stifled with heat and dust, and when the sun come out I thought I should have died. When all of a sudden we stopped thro' a sudden jerk as pitched me nearly out of the cart, and then found as we was there, and glad I was to get out of that cart, tho' my limbs that cramped as down I goes thro' BROWN a-jumping me out sudden, and I says, "BROWN, I never shall get up no more unless I has a something for to take," as certainly brought me round.

But law, the dust, I never was in such a state, and I was downright sick of hearing them HEEFEYS a-wrangling, so I walks myself off along with the child. BROWN, he hollars out; and he says, "Don't you miss us." I says, "BROWN, I wasn't born yesterday," and off I goes, and we walks along and kep' seein' the company arrive.

Well, we was a-walking along, and fellows kep' a-offering of me cards, and wanted me to have a shy, and a brazen creatur begun a-telling of my fortune along of the side of a carriage where there was a lot of grinning fellows, and the next carriage was full of parties, as of course was ladies, but I must say as they was too free in their ways for me; so after we'd walked about ever so long thro' feeling tired, I says, "CHARLEY," I says, "we'll go back." He says, "Do," and we was walking along, when all of a sudden I got a crack of the side of my head as made me hollar, and down I goes like a shot. It was one of them fools as was a-shying at pincushions and things as had missed his aim and struck me. I

says, "You villain, I'll have the law on you. Police!" I says, and if they didn't all laugh. Well, we kep' a-walking and a-walking, and I couldn't see nothin' of the cart, tho' I knowed the spot where I'd left it; so at last we gets out of the scrouge into a open place where there wasn't nobody a-walking, and was looking at a place where crouds was a-setting one above the other. I says, "I wonder who they can be," when all of a sudden a chap comes a-ridin' up and says, "Get off the course, will you?" "No," I says, "I won't. I'm a-looking for Mr. HEAFEY's cart as is close at hand, and I shan't go till I finds it."

He says, "You must go. Here!" he says, and out rushes two policemen like tigers on me. Little CHARLEY began a-screaming, people was a-hollering and a-hooting, the police catches 'old of me by the arms, and if they didn't run me along with them till my breath was gone and my legs a-failin', and ketches my foot in something, and down we all went with that shock as half stunned me, and when I come to, parties was a-standin' round, and give me water as I wouldn't touch thro' fear of a chill, and CHARLEY a-screamin' for his "Ma," and one lady says to me, "Mum, it's a mercy as you're here; for," she says, "if them police harn't saved you, you'd a-been run down." Well, I'd lost my redicule, and hadn't no change to get nothin' for to pacify CHARLEY, as would keep on a-'owling awful, till I loses all patience, and gives him a good shake, and heard MRS. HEAFEY hollar out, "You please to let my child alone, you old wixen!" and there we was close agin the cart. So I says, "Mum," I says, "he did ought to be taught better."

I was put out, for BROWN began a-blowing me up and said as they'd waited for me ever so long; and if they hadn't been and had the wittles and messed everything about! I'm sure the meat-pie as I'd made

looked as if dogs had been at it. I couldn't a-touched it, so I hadn't nothing but a bit of bread and cheese and a drop of beer as was flat as ditch-water, and was that hurt with MRS. HEAFEY, as I went and set down on the ground, and certainly BROWN did bring me a little cold without when he come, and said he was going.

So I gets into that cart with a heavy heart, and we was just a-driving off when I got a blow in the back as took my breath away, and if it wasn't parties in coaches as was a-pelting with oranges as come as thick as hail a-smashing all over me. I felt that faint, that if I hadn't had a something in my redicule as I kep' for a-takin' to support me; and MRS. JARVIS, she was snoring all the way, and was, took ill quite sudden, and said it was the cart; but I says, "Mum," I says, "its other things on the top of the cart;" but just then I took that faint myself, and down come the rain in torrents, and crowds a-'owling and hitting at one all the way from Clapham, and I remember n' more till I was in bed in the morning, and BROWN says to me, jeering, "I say, old gal, beer and sperrits won't mix."

I says, "BROWN," I says, "that air was too bracing for me to take-to sudden, and that's what disagreed with me." He only says, "Walker!" So I says, "Never will I go so far out in one day and back again so long as my name's BROWN, for them sudden changes don't suit me."

## A Letter from a well-known Lady.

[It would be absurd to pretend ignorance of the writer of the following epistle. We have searched the police reports to find the grievance which calls forth MRS. BROWN's indignation, and will briefly epitomize the case. An application was made a week ago to the sitting magistrate at Lambeth by a gentleman, who complained that his mother had been removed from her house in a cab by three females, members of MR. SPURGEON's congregation, and that he had been refused admittance when applying to see her at the house to which she had been taken. On one of the summoning officers being sent with the applicant, it appeared that the poor lady who was a lunatic, was in the care of her daughter, who denied that any improper force had been used in the removal. We quote the portion of the report which appears to have given offence to our correspondent:—

"MRS. MACKINTOSH, on the contrary, said that she (the invalid lady) had been hurried and carried along when, from her own expressions, she had no desire or wish to part from her son.

"MRS. BROWN, who was one of the three females who removed MRS. HINGKLEY, denied the statement of the preceding witness."

With this brief introduction we leave MRS. BROWN to speak for herself.—Ed.]

TO THE EDITOR OF FUN.

**S**IR,—Bein' informed as yours is a orgin as is open to the wrongs of women, as mine would fill volumes, as the saying is, I wants to ask whatever I've done for to deserve it, as give me that

turn when MRS. CHALLIN showed it me in the paper, as made me legs tremble under me; and no wonder, for if there's a thing as I've set my face agin it's anything like kidnapping, thro' knowing what it is, when our JOE was lost a whole day thro' follering a berrying, and was thought to be 'ticed away artful, and me only just down-stairs thro' CHARLOTTE, as never was the child to thrive arter, and taken off her legs with the least thing, and cutting her teeth cross, as caused that squint as she'll carry to the grave, tho' the mother of three herself. Well, as I was a-sayin', when MRS. CHALLIN borrowed the paper at the "Catherine Wheel," drop I thought I must. "Me kidnap a lunatic?" says I. "Why, if there is a thing as I wouldn't have at a gift is one of the poor deluded maniacs, as I never shall forget the one as got away from the 'sylum, and run seventeen miles in his night-clothes thro' the turnpike-gates, as was closed agin him, took refuge up a chimbley, and very near frightened a old lady to death as was lighting of the fire, thro' lodgers a-comin' in unexpected. And then to say as I used wiolence, as would walk out of my way for a worm in my path, and don't hold with using of force where arguments did ought to be, tho' I have knowed them as you was forced to set on their legs a-gnashing of their teeth, tho' only historical, as a jug of cold water will often do wonders; and as to pushing of her down the passage, I never set eyes on her or ever heard tell on her, nor them females, as in my opinion did ought to be ashamed of theirselves, for it did put me out that dreadful. The idea of mixing me up along with females as frequents MR. SPURGIN's, a party as I don't hold in with in the least, as I never see but once at the Baptist meeting, where I was took unbeknown, and must say as he made that free with ser'ous matters as I shouldn't care to set under, thro' bein' one as is always a-looking up to the pulpit myself, and have

---



heard beautiful discourses in my times, tho' none of your dippins for me, as give me that turn when I see them a-doing it as was obliged to leave the chapel sudden, and the scrougin' and shovin' was downright disgraceful at the door, and my pockets turned inside out, as isn't goins-on for a Sunday in my opinion. So will trouble you for to set me right, though my good gentleman did laugh when I said as I'd have the law on 'em as had took away my character; and however that magistracy could set there and hear such things agin a quiet woman as has had her troubles, goodness knows. Not as I don't say as he was right in sending of her to Bedlam on the quiet, as is in my opinion the best place for them as is so inflicted, tho' I have heard my dear mother say as well she remembered it up in Moorfields, as is now changed into the Catholics, where screams was awful and groans untold, thro' chains and whips, as is now done away. What I wants to know is why a party should make free with my name, as is well known, and can hold up my head with the best; and let them as can say anything agin me speak out and do their best, as is every one's duty; and as to being a female, if I'd a husband with the sperrits of a mouse he'd soon make 'em prove their words; but, lor bless you, there he sets a-smoking away at his pipe, and a-smiling till I was that put out that I says, "I do believe as you wouldn't care if I was pinte at as I goes thro' the street; but," I says, "I knows as there is punishments for parties as says them things;" for well I remember, tho' quite a girl, what appeared in our street, and can see her now, tho' lifted up by my own father, a-standing at the church-door, in white, with a candle in her hand, as is the law; for whatever can you do for to protect your own character, a thing as is easy lost, if it wasn't as you could punish them as makes too free. But as to my husband's *interfering* it ain't to be looked to. So I says to

MRS. CHALLIN, "If only our JOE would step in, as is a wonderful scholar, p'raps he'd do it for me." "But," says she, "MRS. BROWN, mum, as you've been wronged, why not write, as," she says, "no one ain't more capable; and certainly I did have plenty of schoolin' out of my father's pocket, with a sampler as I've got framed up-stairs, as shows marking as would puzzle me now; but lor, if he was to know it I never should hear the last on it, as said when I was a-complainin', in the cold-bloodedest way, "Whatever does it matter what they says about you?" I says, If you can lay down on your bed happy, a-thinking as you've had a wiper a-festerin' in your bosim all these 'ears, I'm not that party as can bear such amputations, and would rather be took a-smiling to the gallers, with a clear conscience, than a countess in her carriage with a spangled repitition 'as may hold themselves that 'igh, little dreamin' as them as they looks down on as minerals is their betters, and wouldn't bring a blush, tho' they may brazen it out, as well I knows thro' my own aunt being cook and house-keeper in a titled family, as the lady said to her, "MRS. WALKER," says she, "that female will never darken my doors," as will try it on and are to be met with in the highest spears; and for me, after all these 'ears, to come to be in print as a female, a thing as no one ever dared even to breathe about me! So, if you can help me, I humbly trust as you will; and as to MR. SPURGIN he's the last of my thoughts, and why ever them young people couldn't keep their troubles to theirselves puzzles me, for I'm sure them quarrels in families reflects no credit, and had better be kept within their own bosoms; but if you can only pint out who it was as said it, which is what I want to get at, I'll precious soon put the saddle on the right horse, and would have gone myself and spoke up, magistracy and all but them newspapers is no good, for they

never tells' you nothin' till it's over, for when I did go up to that police they only laughed and said it was clean forgot, and the parties gone they didn't know where, except the poor lady as was out of her mind, as it wouldn't be right to trouble about sich a thing, tho' I have knowed them that rational as might be able to indemnify as I wasn't the party illuded to by the police, as would swear anything as they was ordered, thro' considering their duty, as is not to be envied, but did ought to be taught for to respect any one. As I don't wish my good gentleman to know as I've rote I don't put my name, tho' you will know me as a party as you've heered on by the enclosed card ; not as I do no washing now, thro' being retired and livin' comfortable.

No. 4.

Mrs. Brown at the Opera.

---

**W**AS ever you at the Italian Opera, MRS. BROWN?" says MRS. WALTERS to me last week, as I was a-drinking tea along with her, as has a genteel apartment just close by the Middlesex 'Ospital, thro' being in the straw-bonnet line, as isn't what it were, when I've give a guinea for a Dunstable, as was all the fashion, out of my own pocket, as would turn to the last, and then dye equal to new.

So I says, "No, mum," I says, "I never were, tho' I've heerd tell on it often and often, thro' my dear mother's own sister, as had a husband a fireman there night and day, and I know well as she's often heerd them Italians a-doing their music beautiful thro' him. Not as all Italian means music, for I'm sure there's MR. JENNINGS, as keeps the Italian warehouse next door but one to where we used to lodge, there wasn't much music in his hollaring at his 'prentice in langwidge as was downright low-lived, that it was; and as to Italians, I don't hold with their ways, as I'm sure had something of a hand in my silver tea-spoons, as was took, I may say, under my very nose, while they was a-playing of their bagpipes and a-dancing like maniacs broke loose all over the place, but certainly they must be fond on it, as I should say."

"Oh, yes," says MRS. WALTERS, "it's well known as they is, and I've heard 'em myself and often."

“So have I,” says I, “and late o’ nights, too, a-playing on their organs thro’ the pouring rain, as nobody wasn’t a-listening to, so must have a-been a-doing it for their own amusements.”

“Well,” says MRS. WALTERS, “would you like for to go and hear the Italian Opera?” “Won’t it be late?” I says. “Oh, no,” says she, “we can come away whenever we likes, thro’ me a-having of a friend as can get us in, and it’s close by, not three streets off.”

“Well,” I says, “Brown can’t be here to fetch me till ten at the earliest, and it may be half-past; but,” I says, “no scrouging and pushing, MRS. WALTERS, if you please.” “Oh, dear, no,” says she. “I’m glad of that,” says I, “for I’m not one for no crowds, as is a deal too free in their ways for me.”

So when tea was over, and me being refreshed, as is a meal as will do it when beef and mutton won’t, MRS. WALTERS says, “There’s plenty of time, and we won’t have no hurry-skurry.” I says, “Not if I knows it; for,” I says, “I’m warm clothed, and the least thing would throw me into that violent glow as taking of a sudden chill on might be the death on me;” for thro’ the weather a-looking lowery, and being far from settled, and never knowing how to dress, I’d took precautions in my Saxony cloth, as look equal to French merino, a black velvet bonnet, and my Angola shawl. I was warm, not to say hot. So we was a-chatting friendly over a little drop warm, thro’ being old friends, as lived oncet in a family in the Regency Park, as she married from. I says, “MRS. WALTERS, mum, what is the name of this here Italian Opera as we’re a-goin’ to?” “The Prince of Wales’s Theatre,” says she. “Oh, indeed,” I says, “I’m sure I hope they don’t go on there as they do at his ma’s.” “Well,” she says, “it was the QUEEN’S oncet.” “Oh, really,” I says. “Yes,” says she;

"but thro' her 'eavy inflictions she's give it up to the PRINCE OF WALES, along with all the other grand things as she don't take no pleasure in now; as I can feel for her, for when I buried WALTERS it seemed as tho' all was took."

"Ah," I says, "poor thing! she takes on dreadful, I'm told, as is nat'ral. I often thinks on her when I sees poor MRS. GIDDINGS, as lives at the back of me, as was left with nine straggling infants, with nothin' to cling to but the mangle, as is dragging her into the grave; and lost two families thro' taking on and not going for the work reg'lar."

Says MRS. WALTERS, "Why, there goes eight. Bless my heart! how we have been a-chattering." So as we had our things on we started off, rather too sharp for me, but soon got there, as is a elegant place, and ladies a-goin' in dressed like ball-rooms, as we had to stop till they was in, and was then showed up two pair of stairs quite genteel, and real gentlemen a-standin' about, as was that polite to MRS. WALTERS as makes me say, "Well, to be sure, it's fine to be you," as certainly has a noble way with her, thro' being used to quality in working for West-end 'ouses.

So we got comfortable seats, tho' there was more light than I cared for, thro' having eyes as is easily infected; but certainly it was lovely—I never see, and the music a-playin', and a sweet pretty picter to look at, and all the ladies and gentlemen down below as looked like a flower-garden, and some on 'em a-looking out of windows, leastways they was like windows in having of curtains but no glass. I says, "Are they the singers?" MRS. WALTERS says, "No—the boxes." "Oh," I says, "indeed." Whatever she meant by boxes I can't think, for just then they pulls up the picter and showed another as was beautiful, the snow a-laying deep, as made it feel

quite cool and refreshing where we was, but must be cold for them as lives there.

So I asks MRS. WALTERS, "Wherever is it?" She says, "Over there." I says, "Indeed," I says; "I hopes not among the Hottenpots, as didn't ought to be showed, as I oncet see a Wenus myself of that persuasion as was a sight for quantity;" but just as I was a-asking, in come a lot of young gals a-dancing like mad, as their shoes was noisy, but p'raps they did it for to keep theirselves warm, tho' I must say as all the ladies didn't seem to mind the cold a bit in low necks and short sleeves, and it's well it's no worse, for some of them foreigners don't wear nothing at all, as I've heerd my own godfather say as is their ways over there. I couldn't exactly make out what it was all about, no more couldn't MRS. WALTERS, as the heat makes sleepy; but of course, thro' its being Italian, wasn't to be looked for. Certainly I never did see nicer-looking young gentlemen, and dressed for all the world like Cheyney ornaments—dears, they was. I wanted to ask MRS. WALTERS about them, but whenever I opened my mouth parties hished and hushed dreadful.

Well, one young gentlemen with lovely hair in particular took my fancy, as spoke out reg'lar English, and made parties as didn't know theirselves keep busting out a-laughing. I wonder as the young gentleman wasn't hurt; but no, he kep' on a-smiling quite pleasant; and then there come in a young lady—I won't say a fine gal, but certainly a fine ooman, with a 'ead of 'air as was wonderful. Well, when she come for'ard I'm blest if they didn't clap their hands and roar with laughter. I'm sure if it had been me I should have got my temper up, and I wonder it didn't hern, for them foreigners is 'ot-tempered and up in a minit, as I've often heerd them say as has been in them parts; indeed, my own aunt

thro' marriage, as never could a-bear the foreigners, thro' having a niece of hern eat by them, as emigrated to South Wales, thro' living in a missionary family, as was all eat down to the baby in the cradle, as couldn't have done nothing to provoke their appetites, being that tender, as is nat'ral.

Well, they all got a-dancing and a-singing, as is the ways with them foreigners, and a party come in black, as had a muff on his head, and looked that solemn as I should say he'd known sorrers; and then there was more singin' and dancin', and one young fellow he jumped enough for to bring the place down, as was a 'eavenly dancer. But, 'pon my word, my head got a-aching thro' people a-laughing like mad all about; so I says to MRS. WALTERS, "Whatever is there to laugh at?" I says. "I can't hear a word for them," for with my velvet bonnet I'm rather hard of hearing. So I says to a young chap as was a-setting next me, "I wish as you wouldn't keep a-shouting out in my ear. Whatever is there to laugh at? I can't see nothing to keep a-yelling like that;" for, indeed, the place looked solemn thro' being of a bedroom, leastways I should say a shake-down for a make-shift; and there was the solemn gent a-goin' to bed, when if that fine gal as we'd seen afore didn't come in thro' the winder!

"Well," I says, "I never see such boldness in my born days." I says, "MRS. WALTERS, mum, if it don't make no difference to you, p'raps you wouldn't mind a-coming 'ome; for," I says, "it's all very well for Royal families to go on like this," I says, "but I should say as it didn't ought to be allowed. I'm sure as no Queen as is a lady wouldn't have such goin's-on under her nose."

So people begins to hollar from behind, "Set down!" "I shan't," I says; "I'm a-going." Just then a young fellow reaches over and fetched me such



a bonnetter, as the saying is, that if MRS. WALTERS hadn't have ketched me I should have pitched over. I ups with my umbrella for to give him one back, when it missed, and came down on a old gentleman's bald head as was setting by. "What do you mean by that?" says he. "I didn't go to do it," says I. "Come out!" says MRS. WALTERS, "you're a out-raging decency."

"What," I says, "ANNA MARIA WALTERS, you turn agin me?" I says; and I was that 'urt as I busted into tears. I says, "You've been and sent a harrow thro' me as will kindle in my bussim to the last." Well, parties hollared so, and MRS. WALTERS she forces me into my seat, where I was a-sobbing fit to break my heart, and didn't take no notice of nothing till after a deal more singing and dancing they dropped a large dark thing.

"Well," I says, "MRS. WALTERS, mum, if you please, let me go home." So we was a-going out when the young chap as was close by he bust out a-laughing, and says to another hidjeot, "I'm blest if that old gal ain't took it all in earnest." I says, "You did ought to be ashamed of yourselves a-grinning there." I says, "If I was your mother I'd keep you at home; for," I says, "you ain't fit company for the PRINCE OF WALES, you ain't." But they only grinned the more, and I comes out with MRS. WALTERS, as says, "Whatever made you go on like that? I think you must have been a-dreaming."

"Well," I says, "MRS. WALTERS, I don't want no words with you," I says. "Not as I calls it friendly in you to have took up agin me; but," I says, "certainly that opera was uncommon lovely; and no wonder as princes is took with such a lovely gal as that; but why ever she should come a-walking about into people's rooms like that puzzles me."

"Oh," says she, "she's a snambler." "A what?"

says I. "Why, one as walks in her sleep." I says, "Oh, indeed; why didn't you mention it? Well, then," I says, "I'd cure her quick, as is easy done, thro' a-sewing their bedgowns to the ticking, tying of their legs, or even a thorough draught took sudden; but," I says, "in my opinion, them operas ain't much better than plays, and I don't hold with them;" and we was home afore Brown come, and I never said a word to him, for he's reglar play-mad, and if he was to know as I'd been even to the opera he'd be always wanting to drag me about to theayters, as don't suit my complaint, so I don't go.

## Mrs. Brown Visits the West End.

---

**I** SAYS to MRS. PROBIT, I says, "If she was a child of mine I'd have it looked to; for," I says, "turned twelve, and no taller than that, don't prove strength."

So says she to me, "I don't never expect to rear her, for she says the 'art is on the wrong side."

I says, "Oh, indeed!" tho' for my part I don't believe she's got no 'art at all, as is a limb, and I knowed very well as it was pigeon-breasted as the gal was, and as crooked as a ram's horn, likewise in temper, tho' parents don't see that clear as lookers-on.

"Well," says she, "wherever had I better take her?"

I says, "There is one party where I've been with to a doctor as did wonders with the throat, and why not the chest, as is only a little lower down, and all about the same regents, as I heerd the doctor say myself."

Then she says, "We'll go to-morrow."

"No," I says, "never!"

"Why not?" says she.

"Go of a Friday? I won't."

"Well," says she, "right you are, for I've know'd troubles thro' a-doing things of Fridays, for if that very gal warn't born on a Friday, now you mention it."

I says, "That's where it is, you see."

"Well," says she, "Saturday is a ill-convenient day for being out, and Monday ain't no better."

I says, "Well, say Tuesday, as don't seem no day, leastways it's a day as I don't look to."

"Then," says she, "Tuesday we'll go."

I says, "I'm agreeable."

If ever there was a toaster of a day it was that Tuesday—sweltering I may say.

We started in very good time; me dressed that cool, for I couldn't hardly bear myself; but the way as Mrs. PROBIT had dressed that gal was downright suffocation, with a fur round her throat and under-clothes quite wintry.

Well, we had a cab, for PROBIT is well-to-do, and a steady man, as keeps to his home, and that doating of his children that if they could eat gold they might have it, as is what fathers should be. Mrs. PROBIT is certainly a fine woman, but too much on her for the same side of a cab with me, as would have set on the back seat willing only thro' it being that narrow as throwed me too forward.

Well, MATILDA JANE she was rather in the sulks, tho' too much indulged by her ma. I says, "Mrs. PROBIT, in my opinion them cherries as she's a-eating is too many." But, law bless you, you might as well hope to get butter out of a dog's throat as anything eatables from them young PROBITS.

Her ma she got a-coaxing of her for not to eat 'em, as only begun for to pout and whine and make faces at me. I didn't say another word, tho' conscious as MATILDA JANE kep' a-shuving me a-purpose, tho' pretendin' it was the cab as made her leg swing, and jest ketched me in the shin-bone thro' her a-settin' in the middle opposite to her ma and me.

Well, we got to the doctor's, and had to wait that long thro' crowds a-bein' waitin' to see him. Some on 'em looked bad, but there was them there as had

nothing but fancies I could see. When the doctor did see us he very soon settled MATILDA JANE, as was that pouty as he couldn't make much on her, tho' he took a deal of pains over her, to be sure, a-listening at her chest and back with a strerryscope, as seemed to do her good, for she breathed more free.

When we come out, MRS. PROBIT she says, "I'm tired of sitting, let's 'ave a bit of a walk." So as MATILDA JANE had been promised for to see the QUEEN's palis and all that, if she'd come to the doctor, we walked along.

MRS. PROBIT she knows the West-end well, thro' being formerly a parlour-maid, near Brunswick-square. But of all the worreting gals it's that MATILDA JANE. First one thing, then another, till you're nearly mad. We walks to Regency-street, where we was in time for to see the soldiers, as goes up and down twice a day in troops for to keep order, as is certainly needed thro' the crowds. Them soldiers is very grand, and them dear black osses, as they say is as sensible as Christians, tho' I must say as them steel coats must be warm wear.

The shops in Regency-street is wonderful. Wherever they gets the things from and whatever they do with 'em I can't think. Well, we was a-walking up slow the shady side quite agreeable, when MATILDA JANE see a-something across the road, so we had for to cross, and if it hadn't been for the dark party as was sweeping a crossing I never should have got across, and jest as I was a hesitatin' on the kerb one of them water-carts come by as pulled the string-malicious and regular deluged me.

Well, I give a run for it, and the pole of a 'bus only jest cleared me, a-sending me so close to a dust cart, as that frightened me as I run smack into a doorway for me to recover a bit, and I was a-talking to MRS. PROBIT and a gentleman come up.

"You must be MRS. BROWN," says he.

"I am that same," says I.

"Then," says he, "pray walk in and set down."

Well, as he was quite polite, and you could see one as know'd a lady when seeing of her, I did.

He says, "The weather is warm."

I says, "Uncommon."

When I was a little come to, he asked me if I'd like for to see his picter.

Certainly a picter he was, dressed beautiful, with that clean linen as was got up quite a pleasure to look at, as them West-end swells always is. But it wasn't his own picter, but of one of High Park, as was that full of figures it was downright dazzlin'. Certainly I never did see a picter as was more life-like, parties a-riding about beautiful. There was a good many a-standing idle about, as is the way them West-enders wastes their time thro' havin' nothing to do.

Well, we was a-lookin' at the picter when a party of ladies and gentlemen come in a-bouncing and says, "Very good—very like the Royal family."

I says, "Where's the Royal family, MRS. PROBIT?"

She says, "There, you can tell them through their red coats."

So one of them bouncers he busts out a-laughing, as hurt my feelins, but I kep' a-lookin' at the picter, but MATILDA JANE was that fidgets as I says, "MRS. PROBIT, we'll go," which we did, a-thanking of that gentleman as 'ad took us in and bowed that polite, a-showin' of a forehead as is downright noble, and said he'd a-knowed me anywheres, as is surprisin'.

So MRS. PROBIT, as knows her way about, makes for the park, as was decided agreeable, thro' a findin' of a shady seat, and being provided with a basket as had refreshments, we eat 'em pleasant, and was able to get ginger-beer and curds and whey at

one of the gates ; not as I holds with them curds, as is 'eavy to the stomach, but ginger-beer, with a some-think in it as we'd provided in a flask, was a drink as we took to.

Well, we set and rested ever so long, and see a many as was a-riding and walking in them parks, jest for all the world like the picter with the Royal family left out, and we see one carriage go thro' full of ladies as was all feathers.

"Why, if it ain't a drawin'-room," says MRS. PROBIT.

"A what?" says I.

"A drawin'-room as is held by the QUEEN; let's come and see it."

I says, "I'm agreeable. But," I says, "we can't take the basket and things into the drawin'-room."

She laughs and says, "Come along." So we gets into the streets agin, and certainly the carriages was a sight, and so was the parties in 'em; I never see anything like it, never. The feathers, the diamons, and the gowns that size as they was a-coming up all out of the carriages.

Well, we walked along, and was able to see into the carriage-windows, as was a-waitin' all along the kerb thro' a-settin' down that slow, and certainly some of the young gals was nice looking and pretty, tho' many looked as if they was stripped for to give their necks a good wash. As was all very well for them as was young, tho' in my opinion looks bold, but, law, some of the old ones was downright disgraceful. I never did.

I says, "MRS. PROBIT, this old lady in the wig, as wants a little oil dreadful, will catch her death a-setting here undressed like this, they did ought to give her a shawl or a somethin'." I says, "I do believe as her things 'as slipt unawares. Why ever don't some one tell her on it as can't be sensible?"

Says MRS. PROBIT, "That's their ways; for I've

know'd them do it night after night in draughts enough to cut you in two."

"She did ought to be ashamed of herself, as must be a grandmother if she's a hour, a-settin' there in the open daylight exposed like that."

We walked on all down the street as leads to the Palis, as is a dingy hole to look at outside, and at a corner there was such a scrouging as I couldn't get by, and were that squoze as made it painful thro' being druv up agin some boards as was a door put trumpery agin a shop where I was that stifled, I says, "Hair," I says, and don't know whatever would have 'appened if a gentleman, as must be a lord I should say, hadn't opened the door sudden and pulled me in. I thought I should have died, for they'd trod my shoes down at the 'eels and my gownd was all out at the gethers.

So I says to the gentleman as was that kind, "Wherever do you think as Mrs. PROBIT is got to?" He says as he couldn't say, but would make me 'ave a glass of sherry wine, as was refreshin', and behaved quite like a father to me.

So they says, "There goes the band!" and helps me up to see it, as was all welwet caps and gold lace, and played beautiful.

I says, "When's the QUEEN a-comin'." They says, "Not to-day, thro' it being only a princess as holds the drawin'-room."

Well, I kep' a-settin' a-thinkin' as Mrs. PROBIT might pass; as she did not, so I says, "I must be a-gettin' homewards, and shall fall in with her on the way." So I thanks the gentleman, and off I starts, and if I asked one policeman if he'd seen Mrs. PROBIT I must have asked twenty, but they was quite rude. So I gets on till I sees a Blackwall 'bus, and in I gets, and glad for to do so, and fell that fast asleep as never to wake till we was passed our



turnin', and was on the stroke of six when I got in and found BROWN a-waiting for his tea, and as to MRS. PROBIT she never got home till nine, and had the impudence for to say as it were my fault for leavin' on her with the child on her hands a-fancyin' as I'd been run over, which is her rubbish, and only excuses for a-goin' to drink tea with a friend, and in my opinion give me the slip intentional.

So I up and told her a bit of my mind, for MATILDA JANE let it out; and certainly I was put out when that aggravatin' young thing had the impercence to tell me to my face as I was a nuisance, and her mother said so, for which reason they'd left me in the scrouge.

So I says, "Mrs. PROBIT, next time as you takes that object to a doctor don't ask me."

Well, them remarks puts up her black blood, thro' her mother bein' of a half-cast, so we ain't spoke since. As I often says, it's a cold, ungrateful world, and the more you does the more you may. But as to them West-enders for going to show theirselves like that to the QUEEN, it's downright a deal more than barefaced, as they are. I don't hold with such ways, as always was a fine clear skin, but not one to show it like that, was it ever so.



Mrs. Brown at the Dramatic Fete.

**I** DON'T think as ever I was so flustered in my life, and all nothing after all. For I was a-thinkin' as I was goin' to have a quiet day, and set my heart on unpicking my coburg, as I'm going to have dyed, when in comes our JANE's JOE.

I says, "JOE, whatever is it?"

He says, "Mother has sent me over for to ask you to come and spend the day to have broad beans and bacon," as I'm partial to, and he says, "As JANE and me is a-goin', and I'm that late as I can't stay a moment," and off he goes.

Well, I says, "I didn't want to go nowheres, but his mother is that peppery if you seems at all cool, and BROWN does make such a row about me a-keeping of her at her distance, as is a low-lived woman, and given to abuse, so I thort as it was best to go.

The way as I busted through dressing nobody wouldn't credit, and the heat as I was in was down-right wapour baths.

Off I sets, and nearly dropped a-gettin' to the end of the street, where I was just in time to miss a 'bus, and had to wait a quarter of a hour, which was as well perhaps, for if I hadn't took a something at the Catherine Wheel, I don't think as I could have gone on.

When the 'bus did come it was that full, and the

way as a party give me a shove, and used low abuse, thro' me a-treading quite light on his foot, you'd a thought as I'd been a elephant.

I got out of the 'bus close to London-bridge, as I hurries over, thro' a-seein' as it was late, thro' JOE's mother a-dinin' full early, as I considers twelve to be. I was looking out for the Bermondsey 'bus all over the bridge, as would set me down at the door, and gets quite on to the top of Tooley-street when I hears, "MRS. BROWN, MRS. BROWN!" So I thinks it's only jeers, and keeps on, when a blow in the back nearly sends me for'ards, and round I turns for to resent such freedoms, and there was that boy SAM, as is JOE's youngest brother, a-grinning like wild.

So I says, "Whatever do you mean by taking away any one's breath like that?"

"Why," he says, "mother says you're as deaf as a beadle, and we've been a-hollarin' like mad at you, ever so long."

I says, "Wherever is your mother?"

"Over there," says he; and there, sure enough, all along the kerb, was MRS. SIMMONS, as is JOE's mother, tho' married again, standin', a-laughing like mad.

"Wherever are you a-goin'?" says she.

"Why, to see you, to be sure," says I.

"To see me, then you're in the wrong box, for I'm goin' out for the day."

"Why, didn't you send JOE to ask me to come and spend the day?"

"Next Monday," says she.

"Well, you might have knocked me down with a feather, I was that took aback.

"Where are you off to?" says I.

"To the Dramatic Fair," says she, "at the Christian Pallis."

"Whatever's that?" says I.

"Oh," says she, "for to give a home to them actors as is past work."

I says, "Oh, indeed, like Chelsea 'Ospital where the Greenwich pensioners is."

Says she, "No doubt."

"Well," I says, "I'll take myself home again."

"No," says she, "come along with us, and a pleasant day we shall have."

So I don't like to throw cold water over nobody, and give way, and off we went just in time for to have a good fight for the train, as I got into with difficulties, thro' the man a-shetting in my gownd, as prevented me a-setting down comfortable, as was that scrouged, as it's well as the journey wasn't long.

Dear heart! when we got there, what with the stairs and passages I was dead-beat afore we got into the Pallis, as was that full as one couldn't think where they all come from.

The noise and the din was that confusion as I couldn't make out whatever was a-goin' on. There certainly was a deal of lovely ladies, as looked like fairies in their musling bowers; not as I held with the way as them young gents was a-staring and a-making remarks as was too free.

But, law bless you, I don't think as I'd been in the place ten minutes before I lost sight of Mrs. SIMMONS and all. So I went about a-looking at things as was dancing sweeps, and acting of plays, for all the world like Brookgreen Fair, as I once went to when quite a gal. After a bit I went for to see a wild-beast show, as was certingly wery natural for stuffed and one donkey, as was life-like even to eating.

What pleased me most was a gentleman in the name of TOOLE, as was lecturin,' and certainly wonderful he was, as showed off a stout gentleman, as I should call a fine man. I see as they was parties as know'd all manner as was wonderful to hear; not as

I could see why ever some idiots kep' agrinnin' and a-shovin' so as I couldn't hear distinct, but it must have been very fine. Just as we was a-comin' out I fell in with young SAM, as took me to where his mother was, and a very nice dinner we got, and plenty of very good beer, as I enjoyed, and very agreeable everything was, and when we was goin' off agin in the Pallis, that SAM said as he would have a ice, a thing as I never tasted, and was persuaded, but, lor, the first mouthful was ~~that~~ shock, for I swallowed it sudden, thro' its being that slippy, and oh, the hagony as I was in, and if it hadn't been for hot brandy and water constant, I don't think I should have lived thro' it, and was bent double, I may say, hours as brought on that headache as I was distracted, so I says, "Let me alone quiet in a corner," and there I sat till Mrs. SIMMONS come to say it was time to go, and she'd had a pleasant day, and I dare say she had; but the fright as we had to get into the train quite upset me, and I was that bad all the way home that they put me in a cab at London-bridge, and when I got home BROWN had to fetch Mr. MIDGET, as attends me, as said it was a mercy it didn't bring on somewhat as was serous, and me in them agonies thro' being attacked by rheumatics as laid me up for many a day, and it's my opinion, on the whole, as them Fancy Fairs ain't much suited to me, tho' certainly very beautiful they are, and if they do good, why, of course, I ain't one to speak agin them, tho' they don't suit me.



*Mrs. Brown's Note Solicited.*

**I**'M sure the 'eat as I was in, and that grimed as any one might have took me for a sweep's good lady, thro' it bein' of a Friday, when I will have 'em, as is all very well with their rammeners, as they calls them, tho' nothing in my opinion like the boys, as could go into the corners, where it will lodge, as is dangerous and apt to ketch and bring the ingins on to you in no time, as is a heavy sum to pay, especial when prepared to swear as you've been sweep' within six weeks, and I was a-saying to MRS. CHALLIN, as is a 'ard-working woman, tho' not to be trusted with sperrits about, as I'd go and clean myself up a bit; "for," I says, "I never can fancy my meals, and take tea as I am, I couldn't was it ever so." I don't think as I'd hardly got my gown off afore I hears MRS. CHALLIN a-hollarin', as is that deaf as posts is nothing to it.

So thinking as she was a-wanting to know how much milk as she should take, thro' hearin' it a-comin' down the street, I puts my head over the bannister' for to say make it a pen'orth, when figure as I was there was two gentlemen a-standin' a-talking to Mrs. CHALLIN, as kep' answerin' foolish thro' not a-hearin'.

So I says to myself, "P'raps it's the lawyers," as never will let us rest thro' BROWN's aunt, as was thought to have died intestines, tho' the will was quite safe in her corner drawers, tho' wrapped in a old handkercher.

I says to myself, "I shan't hurry for you," so give myself a good wash, and got my 'air on with a clean cap and apron, and down I goes, fully expecting them to have gone, as the saying is, when there they was a-setting like lambs.

So I says, "Your pleasure, gentlemen," for I see as they wasn't lawyers' clerks by their ways, as was elegant; for up they gets and a-bowing, bending I may say.

"Have we the pleasure to address MRS. BROWN?" says they.

I says, "I am that party, at your service," for I knows how to address them as is on a spear above, thro' having lived in families as was so situated.

So they says as the weather was fine, as I said it were, and they asks after MR. BROWN's health, "As," I says, "is not what I could wish, thro' a nasty cough, as he says is nothing, but just sich a one as my own grandfather carried to his grave with him, and always said it would be his end, as it turned out at eighty-six, and had troubled him nearly forty years; so I always says it did ought to be took in time, as horehound tea, with Licumpane powder, a bit of horse-radish, and sweetened with treacle, softens the chest, and will often bring it away."

"And how is your 'ealth, MRS. BROWN, mum?" says the other, as was short, with red whiskers, thro' the other party being a fine man, with a expanding chest as would show a frill well.

"Why," I says, "I can't say much, tho' I keeps up, but often with a aching back, for stooping does try me a good deal, and I often feels if it wasn't for BROWN, as would miss me, I ain't much to live for."

And so I tells the gentlemen, as smiled agreeable, and says, "MRS. BROWN, mum, you're in your prime."

I says, "Go along; I'm the grandmother of six."

Says they, "Never."

I says, "I am."

Then says they, "You must a-married in your tins," as I didn't know what they meant.

At last the little chap with the red whiskers says, "Madam," he says, "we've called for to solicit MR. BROWN's vote for this gentleman," and he hands me a card, as I couldn't read without my glasses.

So I says, "Oh, indeed! Whatever wote does the gentleman require? I hope as nothing ain't happened to the beadle, as was the last as 'ad it, as fine looking a man as you'd see in a day's walk a-standin' on them church steps, with his cock hat and beef-steak collar, as looked commandin' at the 'ead of them boys a-beatin' of the bounds, as the minister, though lusty, didn't look nothing aside of him, and them full parties is often gone to-day and here to-morrow, as the sayin' is." So it give me a turn when the gentleman talked about BROWN's vote.

But he says, a-smilin' benign, "No, mum," he says, "it are not parochial, but," he says, "parliamentary, thro' MR. BROWN 'aving of property in the Tower Hamlicks."

So I says, "Oh, indeed!" I says, "I hope they ain't been and drawn BROWN for Parliament as they did for to serve on a jury, as took him away from his home, and locked up three nights all along of one fellow as wouldn't give in about a party being hanged, as richly deserved it, and got it too, as I says, 'tho' I don't hold with blood-shed in general, yet them as does such things did ought to get it as is sure to come home to them."

So the gentleman he says, "As he hadn't no wish for to dictate to BROWN about giving his vote, but that if we wanted all manner of good things, as this was the party as would do what is right by your QUEEN and constitution, as he was anxious to preserve."

I says, "Of course the QUEEN did ought to be looked



after proper, as is a-getting on now, thro' being the grandmother of eight, as I see in the paper, tho' that's nothing, for I've six, as I said myself; but," I says, "as to our constitutions, they're remarkable good, or we shouldn't look as we do; for when BROWN is cleaned up a bit you'd guess him ten years younger than what he is." So I says, "We don't want no one a-looking after our constitutions, a-poking their noses into families, as is what I calls interference."

So the gentleman says, "Don't you wish for to see Church and State kep' up?"

"Well," I says, "I thinks there's some as keeps up too much state; for," I says, "there's MRS. GRAYLINGS, as keeps the ile shop at the corner, to see her go to church of a Sunday morning you'd think as she was the queen, and a vulgar squat figger for a 'green satin gownd and a pink bonnet, with a nose like a beetroot; and as to him he's downright ridiculous, a head and shoulders shorter nor her, a punchy figger, as a blue coat and metal buttons don't set off, and as plain a family as ever you see, and the eldest daughter married quite miserable; tho' I knows what would make them drop their heads a little; and suppose he is churchwarden, what o' that? there can't be no occasion for them stately ways." So I says, "None of your Church and State for me."

"Then," says the gentleman, "we may reckon on MR. BROWN being Liberal."

"Well," I says, "that depends." I says, "It's as much as people can do now-a-days to pay their ways let alone being liberal, for I'm sure the price as things is quite takes away your breath."

So says the gentlemen, "We hope to relieve the burdens of the working-man."

I says, "That's right, that is; but," I says, "in my *opinion* the working-man 'ad better look after his-*self*. It's all very fine to come a-talking about work-

ing people bein' looked after." I says, "You're precious careful of the working-man, you are; you're afraid of his getting a drop of beer of a Sunday night, when I'm sure we come in famishing from Chigwell, and it only just struck eleven as we turned the corner, thro' bein' a good drive, and there we was done out of our beer; and then we mustn't have a bit of dinner baked of Sunday; if it ain't fetched home afore half-past one the baker mustn't give it, as 'appened to poor MRS. GIDDINGS, as had starved and slaved to get that bit of meat all the week, as was kep' late at church thro' a bishop a-preachin', as she took all the children to hear, and come home too late for to get her dinner out, thro' the baker bein' fined the week afore, as was left a-starvin' with seven on 'em, and the bit of meat with a puddin' under reglar sp'ilt by Monday mornin' when she got it.

"Now," I says, "you leave the working-man alone, and let him do as he likes, and if he does wrong there's the police as'll make it all square. However would you like for a lot of working-men to interfere with your goings-on, and talk about improving of you, as I'm sure needs it with your divorce courts, as is a disgrace."

So says one of the gentlemen, "Mum, you did ought to be in Parliament yourself."

I seed he was a jeering, as put me out, so I says, "If I was I'd pretty soon set some on 'em to rights."

So the little chap with the red whiskers gives the other a nudge, and then they both laughs, tho' a-trying to keep it under, as I'd ketched 'em at it afore. So I says, "Reticule is all very fine, and I dessay as you're mighty fine in your Parliaments; but," I says, "don't come here a-talking and a-sniggering and a-grinning at me," I says, "a-taking up my time," as was downright a starving for my tea.

"Excuse me," says the tall gentleman, "but really

you have been a-talking that fast, MRS. BROWN, as we haven't had a chance of saying a word; but," he says, "you'll tell MR. BROWN as he'll hear from the candidate more fully."

"Well," I says, "I've heard quite enough, and as to me talking it's a thing as I'm not give to, for, as I often says, hear, and see, and say nothing is the best way thro' this world." So they only gives a sort of grunt and bows very low, a-wishing of me a good afternoon; but, law bless you, they was masks of deceit, for MRS. POLLIN she met 'em two doors off a-laughing like mad, and a-talking about some old woman as they'd had fun out of, and I dare say that's what they was up to a-comin' here, but thro' me a-knowin' of myself I don't give no one a chance of makin' fun out of me, tho' when I did tell BROWN he went on that aggravatin' a-sayin' of course I was the old woman they meant, whereas they wouldn't believe me a grandmother; but BROWN's a-goin' to wote agin 'em, as serves 'em right if they was a-rediculin' of me to my very face, as BROWN says is very plain, tho' I don't believe him.



*Mrs. Brown on the Army.*

---

**B**ROWN," I says, "I'm a-goin' to a review, tho' ;" I says, "whatever is the use of all them soldiers, I should like to know, 'cept for the look of the thing, as certainly is imposing, tho' red ain't a colour as suits me." So BROWN he says, "You don't know nothing about it, how ever should you?"

I says, "Don't I? Why," I says, "my dear mother washed two rigiments as was quartered near Hounslow."

"Well," then," says BROWN, "why ever do you go to see them?"

I says, "Do you think, MR. BROWN, as I'm goin' to allow a daughter of mine, tho' married, to go to sich a sight alone where a mother is a protection; not as I expects no enjoyment, and as to her a-luggin' that boy all the way it's madness downright, that it is."

"Why," says BROWN, "she lives close by, so it ain't nothin' for her; but as to your a-goin' it's foolishness."

"Well," I says, "I never see such a man as you are. When I don't know things, full of your ridicule, and when I wants to see them with my own eyes always the one to hold back. But," I says, "go I do, thro' having promised JANE as I'd be there early to meet her at the Marble Arch as the Edgware-road is a long distance."

So I started with BROWN, as see me into the White-

chapel-road, where the 'busses run regular, and ketched the fust, as rattled that dreadful, thro' bein' empty, as seemed to jar my head to death.

Not as I held with that conductor's remarks as hollared to the coachman when he helped in a party in widow's weeds as was certainly lusty, "Go on, Jor, here's more ballast," as is insults to a lady, as she certainly was, tho' she'd that hurried as I thought she never would get her breath again, and was obliged for to take her drops, as was in a little basket, as she said went agin her, tho' a great sufferer aperiently, as told me she was a-goin' to her daughter, as wouldn't be pacified till she got there, "Tho'," she says, "it's as much as my life's worth, thro' having done, as I seldom or never does, put my feet in hot water, with JAMES' powders, as acts on the skin, a medicine as I don't hold with."

So we was talking friendly, thro' her being one as was experienced, and like my own constitution, and known sorrers in having buried her good gentleman, as was in the white lead line, a thing as is deleterious and will lurk in the constitution, and brought on fits, through which he was took sudden; not as he was one for to regret, for she told me as his habits was bad and teinper violent, and she says to me, "Forgive and forget, tho'," she says, "I shall carry that man's marks to my grave;" and was that pleasant company as I was sorry when she got out in Holborn, thro' her daughter a-'lavin' in Bloomsbury.

I says, "Conductor," I says, a-hittin' him with my umbrella, "put me down at the Marble Arch, as is somewhere beyond Charing Cross." So he says, "Whatever do you mean by stoppin' the 'bus for that?" and bangs the door that violent as set the horses off, and if they didn't gallop like mad, and *frightened* the horses in another 'bus, as begun a-gallopin' too. A old gentleman in the 'bus hollared

at him, and says, "Let me out, I'm not goin' to endanger my life." "Nor more ain't I," says I.

"Come out then," says the conductor. "Where's your money?"

I gives him a shillin', and if he didn't give me eightpence change in coppers, as I dropped in the middle of the road, where he left me a-standin', with cabs and 'busses all about a-shouting to me, as was stoopin' to pick up the money, as I only recovered three-halfpence, tho' I must say as many parties was very polite a-troubling themselves to look for it; not as I thought as kicking about the mud was a good plan, as all scuttled away pretty quick thro' a policeman a-comin' up as led me by the arm on the pavement.

So I says, "Is this the Marble Arch?"

"No," says he, "the Pantheon; but," he says, "it ain't much further if you keeps on the shady side."

Bless the man, he's got nice ideas about far, he has, for it was nearly eleven when I got to the Marble Arch, where JANE was a-waitin' with her eldest, as isn't quite three, and the babby.

She says, "Why, mother, how hot you look; you must want a something, mustn't she, MRS. WOOLLEY?" as was with her, a woman as I can't a-bear, bein' one as is all fair to your face and knives and lancets behind your back.

So she says, "MRS. BROWN, do take a something, as is only across the road, as is easy to get at, thro' lampposts put up for to protect you agin them 'busses as comes round you on all sides, let alone other public conveniences, as is bein' drove in ev'ry direction, and carriages by the million."

If it hadn't been as I was that faint, thro' the day bein' that swelterin', I would not a-took nothin', for I know'd that MRS. WOOLLEY's deceitful ways, as it was one word for me and half-a-dozen for herself, as know'd her tricks, thro' having watched her narrow

when nursin' of JANE, as never held with her ways with that child, and I'm sure could sleep thro' its screams, a-sayin' as it was temper, whereas I found the pin myself, as is a woman as would swear black is white, a-daring to say as it had dropped off of me on to the infant.

I'm sure I was that terrified a-gettin' across that road and back that what I did take didn't seem to do me no good, and throwed me into that heat as I thought I never could have bore myself, tho' I had a musling gown with a barege shawl as was that flimsy as I didn't seem half-clothed, thro' it being what I calls a breezy day with dust in that park a-comin' up in clouds, and the sight of people as there wasn't no seeing thro'.

Well, there was parties as had brought forms to stand on as would throw you over people's heads, tho' I was doubtful myself, for they was that ricketty as I should not like to have trusted to; but one young man he was a-trying it on, and says to me, "Here you, mum, why it's strong enough for a elephant," and idjots as was standin' by grinned. So I walks on till we comes to a plank as was supported on barrels, as the party as owned it jumped on for to prove it strong, and his good lady says as they wasn't in that line, but only come out for to see it theirselves, as is a field day well worth the money, as was threepence each, and agreed to hold SAMMY up.

Just then come a nice old gentleman as was stout and cheerful, as says he'd try it, and up he gets, and advises me, as was hesitating, when them parties as it belonged to hoisted me up unawares.

Certainly it was a grand sight to see them troops as moved like machines a-jumping up and turning round, as is their manœuvring ways. So the people says, "Here's the Duke." I says, "What Duke?

**Why," I says, "he's dead." "No," says the old gentleman as was standin' up by me.**

**"Well," I says, "I see his funeral, that's all I know, and remember hearin' of the battle well, as there was a deal o' talking about when I was a very young gal, where his leg was shot off thro' SHAW the Life-guardsmen, as was massacred by the Prussians a-comin' up in the moment of victory." He says a-laughin', "It's the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE."**

**I says, "Really. I've heard tell of Cambridge very often, but never heerd as it was a Duke." And if he didn't bust out laughing like mad. So I says, "Whoever is the others all about him in feathers on horse-back?" "Oh," says the old gentleman, "that's the staff."**

**I should say as he was foolish in his head, 'cos any one could see the staff as the Duke was holdin' in his hand; but I didn't say nothin', as them lunatics is often took spiteful.**

**Well, the sun was a-beatin' down on my head, and I was lookin' at them soldiers, as must be dreadful in battle. I says, "There ain't no fear of their firin' on us unprovoked I suppose;" for I've heerd tell of such things, and spent balls ain't no joke, as has been death to thousands, for I never shall forget our JOE a-ketchin' me accidental between the shoulders with a ball as he was playin' rounders with, so can easy fancy what lead must be.**

**Well, JANE she'd got down, so had MRS. WOOLLEY, thro' the infant bein' fractious, and just then the soldiers let fly all of a sudden simultaneous with that banging and smoke in clouds as it give me that sudden start as I throwed back my arms violent with a scream as made everyone look round, and I ketches that poor old gentleman as was next me sudden in the pit of his stomach accidental with my elber as made him start back that forcible as upset the plank**



**as we was a-standin' on, and away I went backwards, and should have been killed if the old gentleman, being under me, hadn't broke my fall, as didn't take it in good part, tho' whatever parties could see to laugh at I can't think.**

I says, "Don't stand there a-grinnin', but lend me a hand up some on you," as they did at last, tho' the old gentleman was most hurt, not as he fell far, and said it was my weight as had nearly stifled him, as brought on words thro' Mrs. WOOLLEY a-remarkin' as she should think so, as is a reg'lar mask of skin and bones. So I says, "I'ts luck as it wasn't you as fell on him, for you'd a cut him to bits like a iron hurdle." As I heard her with my own ears call me a "swelterin' porpus." So I says, "JANE," I says, "if that female is a-goin' home with you, I knows myself too well for to put it in her power to insult me under my own daughter's roof." So I says, "I should prefer the omibus, as will set me down within five minutes." So I says, "Let's part friends." So for all as she could say I would go, thro' her a-sayin' as she could'nt shut her door agin that party as had walked in from Ealing, as I should not have wished, tho' in my opinion a low-lived woman, as I could tell through her conversations in that crowd as made a deal too free for me.

As to them soldiers, it's all rubbish and waste of powder and ball, as will end bad some day thro' them firin' that promiscuous at parties as is a-standin' armless, tho' Brown will have it as it was only powder as they fired, tho' I knows better, for I could hear the balls as must have knocked me over, and a mercy <sup>it</sup> was no wus.

## Mrs. Brown Makes a Night of it.

---



was a-drinkin' tea along of MRS. TRATTLES, as is in the fancy line, and a pretty business too, in Pitfield-street, Hoxton, where my own niece is assistant, as steady a gal as p'raps you'd meet, tho' certainly plain, as I must allow, tho' with her 'air done nice and dressed genteel you might take notice on. So says MRS. TRATTLES to me, "MRS. BROWN, I've heard you say as you was fond of music, and if you'd like a treat I can give you one." "Whatever's that?" says I.

"Why," says she, "them Cristian Minstrels, as is the talk of the west-end; for," she says, "the other morning as I was in the shop, a young man comes in and speaks quite genteel to me, and says, 'Would you oblige me, mum, by a-showin' of this picter,' as is in the window now a-representing them Cristians and their doings. So I says as I don't care about it; but, law, he'd got such a persuadin' way with him, and a fine dark eye as he fixed on me, as I was obliged to turn away. So I says, 'Leave your picter if you like, and I'll see.' 'Oh,' says he, 'if you'll take the picter and show it, my master will be proud for to see you at the show,' and give me a ticket for two."

"Well, of course," I says, "MRS. TRATTLES, it's all very well for to give them tickets to them as does a favour like you, but certainly I don't hold with going

to them places and not a-payin', it looks mean in my opinion."

Says MRS. TRATTLES, "Them's my feelings, so I tell you what, we'll go three, me, and you, and ANNA MARIA," as is my niece's name, "and we'll pay for one, as will be somethink, and the omnibus is only a trifle, as takes us from one door to the other."

"Well," I says, "it looks bold in females a-goin' about alone;" but TRATTLES, as was a-doin' a pipe after his tea, as is a quiet man in the general way, busts out a-laughin', and says, "I'm sure you three may be trusted anywheres."

So I says, "MR. TRATTLES, insults isn't arguments, and we didn't make ourselves," as brought MRS. TRATTLES down on him that sharp, as is a hot temper thro' jealousy, and bein', as I may say, ugly, as made him shut up pretty quick, as the sayin' is.

We started in the omnibus, as was almost empty when we got in all but a old gentleman, as was, I should say, the wus for what he'd took, and kep' a-leerin' at ANNA MARIA, and makin' that free thro' a-talkin', as I don't hold with them unbenown a-doin'. So I makes ANNA MARIA change places with me; but just as we was a-changing the 'bus give a plunge as sent me full but into the old gentleman's chest, and I really thought as he'd a-gone off, for it reg'lar doubled him up, as got out at the Bank, a-sayin' I'd been the death of him. Well, I must say as a 'bus over the stones constant is a trial to the constitution, particular to any one as is a full habit like MRS. TRATTLES, as can't lay down sudden through the breathing bein' that bad, as is a snoring constant tho' awake, as did ought, in my opinion, to let blood frequent, and thankful I was when we got to them Cristians, as a seeing MRS. TRATTLES a-noddin' in that 'bus made me feel fearful as she should pitch for'ard. I must say that *them west-end parties* knows manners, for if ever any

one was treated like a lady it was me at them Cristians, for I was a-comin' along the passage, and Mrs. TRATTLES hollars out, "Mrs. BROWN, 'ave you got the tickets?" when you'd a thought as I was the QUEEN, as I've been told as I am like by them as has seed her often and often, thro' me a-havin' a way with me as is commandin' like.

Up jumps a young man and says, "If here ain't Mrs. BROWN." Out comes a gentleman, a plump figger, with a smile, as says, "This way, mum," and hands me in that way polite, and I says, "Near the door," I says, "if you please, for I'm one of them as 'eat overcomes."

We was in very good time, and certainly Mrs. TRATTLES is a thoughtful woman for to come out with, and had a basket as was well supplied, not as I'm one to eat and drink much, but Mrs. TRATTLES she says she always feels a cravin', as I don't think as them windfalls, as she kep' a-munchin' could be good for her; but certainly, tho' it's well to talk the least, as is now and then, it don't squench the thirst. Certainly them Cristians is wonderful in their ways; how them blacks, as I didn't know was Cristians, can go on like that puzzles me, but them foreigners is so singler in their habits. I never heard such singing, fust all together, and then one by one. One party was uncommon good company, bein' that cheerful; but I didn't see why parties should keep on a-laughin' so wiolent, as, of course, must hurt their feelin's, as can't help the colours of their skins, as might 'ave happened to any one, tho' I must say as a babby as black as coal is calculated for to give a mother a turn, but then in course they're used to them things over there, as must be a saving in soap and water anyhow, though I never should fancy not washing, and never could a-bear black stockings myself, as my dear mother never allowed. I very near died a-laughing, I must say, at

one party as was called Bones, and gives way to antics wonderful. We did enjoy ourselves, tho' I must say one young lady as danced was a little too free with her legs for me, not as it matters so much to them as is black. The heat was certainly very great, and tho' I kep' myself up pretty well with a-fannin' myself constant, and 'aving some red port wine, as MRS. TRATTLES had in a soda-water bottle, bein' a thing as her doctor orders, and I'd took the precaution to have a little somethink with me myself, so we got on pretty well. I never see anything like them Cristians, how they went on a-dressing up and acting singler, as is their ways, as I couldn't quite make out, till at last they all joins in chorus, and that was the end.

As we was a-goin' out that gentleman as was a-smilin' of us in, bowed polite, and says, "Good night, MRS. BROWN; hopes you've been pleased," as I thanked perlite, and so we got out in the street.

MRS. TRATTLES she says to me, "MRS. BROWN, mum, it's all very well, but I must have something hot this moment, as we can take on our way to the 'bus, as runs right thro'."

So we goes into a house, as was full of low-lived characters I should say, and got something as was that fiery as I couldn't take it; so MRS. TRATTLES she finishes it, and I had the least drop neat, as suits me better. When we got out in the street agin MRS. TRATTLES got a-talking and a-laughin', and a-goin' on singler.

I says, "MRS. TRATTLES, you're a-goin' wrong." She says, "All right," and walks on that fast as was surprisin' for her size, till she stopped short for to get her breath, and we was a-standin' all a-waitin' for the 'bus, till I asks a policeman if it would soon be by, as said it didn't come that way, we might have waited *all night*, so I says to the policeman, "What's them

lights up there? Nobody can't live so high up as that." He says, "That's Alabama Palace." I says, "Oh, indeed!" "Yes," says he, "and a splendid place too."

Says MRS. TRATTLES, "Let's go," and on she rushes afore I could stop her thro' the cabs, as frightened me to death, and never did ketch her up till she was at the door, I says, "MRS. TRATTLES, we shall miss the 'bus." She says, "Bother the 'busses! they runs up to twelve, and it's only just past ten." "But," I says, "BROWN will be a-waitin' for me." If she didn't say, "Bother BROWN," and pays the money for to go in.

Well, I couldn't leave her, so follers, and of all the lovely places ever I see, it beat 'em; but the crowds as was there, first-rate company, lords and ladies, as was all enjoying theirselves; but what with the 'eat, and the lights, and the crowd, and the smoke, I thought I should 'ave dropped. "There's plenty of room up-stairs," says a party. "Come on," says MRS. TRATTLES, and rushes up that 'urrying that if it hadn't been for a waiter as she run agin at the top of the stairs, who ketched her on his tray, and knocked her into a chair, she'd 'ave dropped, and certainly that young man was that civil as got us refreshments, tho' I must say as MRS. TRATTLES had had her sufficiency a-ready.

So I says to her, "Don't drink no more, that's a dear soul." She give me a glare quite savage, and says, "'Old your row," with hiccups as was dreadful. Well, parties kep' comin' round us, and some bold hussies laughs as was dressed that elegant as ought to have knowed better, and says, "Look at them pair of old pottumases in liquor," and if one on 'em didn't take and blow a lot of scented steam in my face. I says, "I tell you what it is, young woman, if you makes that free with me agin, I'll spoil some of your paint for you."

If she didn't up with her parasol and fetch me a crack as made ANNA MARIA that wild as she flew at her and took her bonnet clean off, and tore out a large lump of her back-air with it as must 'ave been agony. Well, there was a reg'lar row, and a young fellow come up, and offered to back me, and hollars out for a ring. Up comes the police, and if they didn't give ANNA MARIA in charge for assaults, and off they takes her. Well, what to do I didn't know, for MRS. TRATTLES only kep' a-'owling and sayin' she was a-dyin', as drove me nearly mad, and I says, "No sich luck." The police took off ANNA MARIA; and a young man, as I give a shillin' to, got me a cab, and we got to the station 'ouse, as I goes into, and says to the policeman, "I'm come for my niece." He says, "Who's your niece?" As I was a-describin', when in she was brought, thro' me a-gettin' there first. Well, there was a deal a-talkin', and I says to a gentleman, as had a large book, and kep' a-sayin', "What's the charge?" I says, "I hopes not much, thro' me having a little silver with me." I says, "She's my own niece." "Oh," he says, "that's the old story, they're all aunts and nieces here. Where is the party as give her in charge," as not being aperiend, we was let go just as the clock was a-striking twelve, and MRS. TRATTLES a-snorin' in that cab like hogs, and ANNA MARIA a-sobbin' like wild, and when we got to Pitfield-street if the cabman didn't want half-a-sovereign, as brought BROWN down pretty quick, as sent him off using abuse as was revolting, a-saying as he'd never see such a Haymarket lot, and I thought as BROWN would have pulled him off the box. But, law, I could think of nothing but MRS. TRATTLES as we couldn't bring to, and TRATTLES a-sayin' I'd been her death, and the doctor bein' knocked up, as was quite short, and says, "She's been a-drinkin' too free," as BROWN agreed to, as caused words 'twixt me and

TRATTLES, as said as the lot were screwed. So we went home, as the walk refreshed me, thro' our only a-livin' in the Curtain-road, but you'll never ketch me out with Mrs. TRATTLES no more.





Mrs. Brown Visits the Monument.

---

**D**ON'T think as I was ever more took a-back in my life than when our JANE come in one morning afore ten with her eldest all of a 'eat and bustle, and says, "Mother, they've been and drawed JOE."

I says, "Whatever do you mean—for the militia?" "No," says she, "but for chairman, and he must go."

"Go where?" says I. "To Southend," says she.

I says, "You don't mean it?" "Yes," she says, "I do, and I must go too."

"What," I says, "emigrate, with them WILLIAMSES as was never heerd on agin, thro' the ship a-taking fire a-coming agin a iceberg, as you'd think would put it out, but it didn't, thro' bein' froze, just as the plugs was that night as the sugar-baker's was burnt down in Radcliffe Highway, as was built on the spot close to where the MARRS was murdered, as my own mother know'd well, thro' bein' in the slop line, as was on a Saturday night, supposed to be a sailor, as didn't even spare the baby in the cradle, and would have massacred the servant gal only she was gone for to fetch the supper beer, and heerd the shrieks thro' the key-hole, as was never discovered, thro' them as was suspected a-hangin' of theirselves in their garters, bein' denied pen and ink, as p'raps would have led

to disclosures." "No," she says, "not emigrate, only out for the day along with them Odd Fellows."

I says, "Rubbish." I says, "Whatever is the use of giving one such a turn over with your Odd Fellows? You means as you're a-goin' out for the day, and why ever not? for I'm sure the fresh air will do you good, for that gal looks peeky." "Well," she says, "I can't manage 'em all three; as JOE is agreeable to the infant and the boy, I thought as p'raps you'd take care of JANE."

Well, I ain't one to say nay, and must allow as JOE is a steady man, tho' not one as I cottons to in the general way; so I says, "When's it to be?" She says, "To-day, and so I brought the gal down here early."

"Well," I says, "early it is." So she says, "I can't wait no longer, thro' JOE a-bein' a-waiting at the corner with them two, as p'raps the baby 'll wake up."

So off she goes and leaves the little gal, as begun to whimper, but was soon pacified thro' me a-sayin' as we should go out somewheres too, but I says, "There ain't no place for to get a mouthful of fresh air this sultry day without a journey."

MRS. CHALLIN she'd come in, and was a-talkin' friendly, and says, "Don't you think as the top of the Monument must be fresh and pleasant thro' bein' that high?"

"Yes," I says, "but whoever is to get up there, as am not one to go a-climbing, as I holds to be foolishness, as BROWN was a-readin' on in the paper on Sunday about parties as went and fell off the Halps as is dangerous thro' perpetual freezing, as must be slippery walking, let alone the climbin', as the police in them parts did ought to put a stop to, as they does parts as is dangerous on the ice, as I see myself in Victoria Park, where MR. SIMMS, the baker, would have been

drownded last winter, as is seventeen stone in his highlows, a heavy figger for skates, if the Human Society hadn't brought him up with a hookin' his eye, as he'll carry to his grave." So she says, "Oh, it's easy done is that Monument if you takes it slow, and is only threepence, as the view is well worth the money."

I says, "Would you a-mind a-goin' too?" "No," says she.

So we agreed as we'd start a little after twelve, me having give the child a bit of something, and not a-carin' for much myself, as the 'eat has damped the appetite, but made the beer relishing, and I only took a bit of bread and cheese, and so got off in good time. Well, we walked uncommon slow on the shady side, as is a gentle walk to Fish-street-'ill, where it was put up, and certainly must be built strong for to be run up that high and not topple over like the chimblly at the brewery, as caused distraction to the neighbourhood as it fell on, as well I remembers a-seein' it the Sunday follerin' thro' Brown and me a-goin' pleasurin' in that direction. I couldn't make out much as was wrote round except something about throwing theirselves off, as was put up thro' parties a-doin' of it constant, as was dangerous to them a-passin', as the human body would be a-takin' any one sudden from such a height.

Well, we paid our money to a respectable old gentleman, and bought a book all about it, as I didn't stop to read thro' little JANE bein' all of a fidget for to get up, and off she starts, as I followed pretty quick for a little way up, but was brought up short thro' my breath a-failin', as is often the case with them as is stout a-hurryin' up stairs. Why ever they should keep the place that dark I can't think, as makes one all of a tremble, and that narrow as is squeezing work for two to pass. Glad I was to get up to the

top, as was for all the world like bein' in a large rat-trap, where there was several parties, a old gentleman and his good lady and the grandson, as was a wonderful boy to talk, and knowed all about everything, as they seemed to take a pleasure to listen to; but I don't hold with chits of boys bein' so full of their jaw, as did ought to listen.

"Oh," says he, "ain't it grand; look at the Tower, and there's St. Paul's." "Yes," says the old gent, "it's awful grand, and to think as we might have been buried in the ruins."

I says, "Has anything been and fell in? Excuse me a-askin', but havin' a child with me as is not my own, tho' my own daughter's, I shouldn't like to run no risks, as the sayin' is." So he says, "No," he says; "but everything pretty soon would if they'd their ways as did it, as glories in slaughters would like for to see the streets a-flowing gory."

I says, "Wherever is the police as lets such be at large?" "Oh," he says, "they don't mind no police."

Then says I, "They did ought to be compelled." "Ah," says he, "they're too deep for that, as would undermin any one, and we might all be blowed up in our beds."

Well, it give me such a turn, the idea as if we wasn't high enough already. So I says, "Who is the parties you alludes to? for I'm sure the old gentleman as takes care on the place down below, as is a clean party, wouldn't allow no such goin's on here." "Why," says the old gentleman, "we're a-standin' in the very spot where they did it as blowed out London as if it had been a candle sudden, as is put up as a safeguard agin them."

I says, "Mrs. CHALLIN, let's go," I says, "if there's any danger; for," I says, "my head's a-swimmin' now." So the old gentleman says, "No fear, mum, as long as we've got WHALLEY."

I says, "Oh, indeed; but," I says, "is he Lord Mayor?" "No," he says, "but one as'll keep down them Papists."

"Oh," I says, "I only wish as BROWN was here, he'd talk to you, he would. You're one of them persecutors, are you?" "No," he says, "but I'm a-lookin' out."

"Well, then," I says, "you'd better do it," for I see as he was a-talkin' foolish, and I didn't want none of his rubbish, and I'd got a ledge as I was a-settin' on, and MRS. CHALLIN and me took some refreshment as we'd got, and certainly, tho' the sun was hot, there was a pleasant breeze, and we didn't want that old feller a-hollarin' is rubbish, as was downright preachin', and so was the boy, as come a-talkin' to me about ardent sperrits and unfulfilled prophets; so I up and says, "Look here, my boy;" I says, "I dare says as you've read a good deal." "Yes," says he, "and I've preached till the Papists got me turned out of the parks thro' fear of me."

I says, "Go along with your rubbish and preachin', teach your grandmother." Well, that puts him up, and he says, "My grandmother ain't a deaf hadder, as will drink distraction from a hegg-cup," illudin', no-doubt, to what I was a-takin'.

So I says, "Now I tell you what it is, I'm not a-goin' to stand none of your bosh." He says, "You're a profane old woman."

"Now," I says, "I should be sorry for to forget as I'm a lady, but," I says, "if you gives me any more of your cheek I may wake you up, my lad."

If the old lady didn't come up and offer me a track, a-sayin' as sperrits was a foretaste of a place as was nameless.

I says, "Go along with your tracks and rubbish. You did ought to be ashamed of yourself a-using of such language to them as is only takin' refreshments,

as is necessary thro' fear of chills, with draughts all round enough to blow your head off." "Ah," she says, "they'll find you out."

I says, "Let 'em, I'm not ashamed of what I'm doin'; take care as you ain't found out yourself" Well, this puts her out, and if she didn't take on dreadful, and made the old gent and the boy join in all a-talkin' fearful, it quite turned my blood, and if I didn't let the bottle fall as I was a-tryin' to get into the basket, as made the old lady say as she rejoiced.

So I says, "MRS. CHALLIN, it's my opinion as they've got loose." So I gets up and moves slow to the way down with little JANE, and away I cuts down-stairs like mad, MRS. CHALLIN a follerin'. I'm sure I remembers nothin' till I was safe on dry land, tho' I did bump up agin one party on the stairs and knock him back'ards, as took it very perlite.

So I tells the party as keeps the place of their goin's on up there. He says, "It's only the teetotallers up to their little games, as comes here pretty often."

"Well, then," I says, "they did ought to be made mind their own business, insultin' of parties as don't hold with their ways;" and I says, "MRS. CHALLIN, mum, wherever is the basket?" She says, "Ain't you got it?"

"No," says I. "Then," says she, "I'll go up for it."

"No," I says, "never, and face them lunatics? I'd rather lose it," as I did.

So we walks home, and dead beat I was, and, of course, the Monument is very grand, and all that, but them teetotallers did ought to be kept off, as is a downright nuisance, as the sayin' is.



## Mrs. Brown goes in for Bargains.

“**W**ELL,” I says, “for my part I don’t believe in ‘em, for what is worth money is money’s worth, as the sayin’ is; but,” I says, “certainly it looks wonderful for the price, as is a thing as is handy to have by you is a black silk, and certainly a full dress for a guinea is not to be expected, for the one as I had was a lady’s as I lived with, as cost eight shillings the yard, and tho’ a blue black as wore red, looked well to the last, as my own mantle is a part on still, and made spencers for both JANE’s gals, as turned up her nose, and said as they was old-fashioned; so you don’t ketch me a stitching my fingers to the bone for other people’s children, as generally throws it in your face, as the sayin’ is.” “Well,” says MRS. BULPIT, as was a-showin’ it to me, “a handsome dress it is, and a guinea was the money, as MRS. COLEGATE give,” as is in the chandlery line, a shop as I never goes into, thro’ her a-sayin’ as she gave me seven bundles of wood, tho’ I can swear to six, as my apron wouldn’t hold more thro’ the string a-giving way in the middle of the street, and there was the wood all over the place, as I never got three bundles back honest thro’ them dratted boys a-interferin’, as I see young CHALKER a-cuttin’ away with a lot with my own eyes, as has a mother as brings him up to this vin’, as threatened to make me prove my

words, as would be easy done before the Lord Mayor any day, as the sayin' is.

So I says to Mrs. BULPIT, "When are you a-goin'?" "Why," says she, "this very day, as the shop is crowded, and police a-keepin' of parties back as is that anxious."

I says, "That won't suit me." She says, "Oh, they only let 'em in so much at a time, for fear of thieves a-makin' too free, as is apt to do in the White-chapel-road."

"Oh," says I, "if it's only there we can walk easy and get back to a cup of tea, for I've only got my bonnet to put on," thro' bein' tidied up for the afternoon when Mrs. BULPIT came in.

So we took it easy to the Whitechapel-road, and I says, "Whereabouts is it?" "There's the card," says she, thro' bein' no scholar.

"Well," I says, "I thinks it's Norton Folgate," thro' not a-seein' clear without my glasses, as I'd got in my pocket, but asked a policeman, as said it were.

I'd half a mind not to go on, but Mrs. BULPIT was resolved, a-sayin' it wasn't two steps thro' Brick-lane, as brings you into Spitalfields, as was talking foolishness, and went all round about, as made me that savage, for I do hate them pig heads, as she's got one on, as the sayin' is. But when we'd took a little refreshments I was more myself, and so we got to the shop, as was one of them flaring ticketed ones, but no crowds, nor police, with things a-hangin' out, as is downright unproper, for I'm sure the crinolines as was exposed quite give me a turn, they was so like women a-hangin'.

After we'd had a good look in at the winder, as was full of beautiful things, with a good many a-lookin' in likewise, as kep' a-crowdin' up agin one till I was obliged to speak to one, as was a female, sharp, we goes in, up comes a young swell a-swag-



gerin' and a-sayin', "This way, ladies," and a-hollarin' out "forward," as I says to MRS. BULPIT, "It's my opinion as they're a forward lot," for them young chaps had all got a grinning sort of way over the counters, as I don't hold with. Of all the rubbish as ever I see, it was the things as that young man showed us.

I says, "You don't call this silk, I hopes?" He says, "Best Lions, made for us."

"Well, then," I says, "you'd better keep your lions to yourselves, as isn't things as did ought to be at large." I says, "I wants some long cloth," and if he didn't show me dusters at ninepence-three-farthings.

"What a price," says I. "The 'merican war," says he.

"Why," I says, "that's over and done for." He says, "This is a lot as we got in afore it broke out, or we couldn't sell it so cheap."

"Well, then," says I, "I won't take the advantage on you, you'd better keep it till the war begins agin, and then you'll make more by it."

Well, then, they began to worret me with collars by the basketful, as was all machine rubbish, but at last showed some pocket-handkerchiefs as wasn't bad at the price. So I takes half-a-dozen at four and six and a bit of edging, likewise a remnant of fancy silk as would make a pelerine. Well, the young man as was serving us kep' putting things on a ledge behind him, as I wanted to keep in my own hands, and MRS. BULPIT she wouldn't have nothing thro' bein' hurt at findin' as the black silks was a regular sell, as the sayin' is. So the young man keeps on a-worretin', "What's the next article?" not a-givin' you time to look round and a-botherin' with his parasols.

So I says, "If you'd hold your clack for a bit we might fancy something;" when MRS. BULPIT gives a hollar and says, "I'm robbed, wherever is my puss?"

I says, "Was there much in it?" She says, "Two shillings and some loose copper."

"What a mussy," I says, "you didn't bring out no money." "Oh," says she, "I only cum to look, never meanin' to buy."

"Then," says the young man, "you needn't come here a-blockin' up the place and a-takin' up our time."

I says, "Young man," I says, "this lady is with me thro' not a-likin' to come out alone." "Well," he says, "you do want a purtecter, you do."

I says, "If you give me any of your impidence I walks out of the shop," and up I gets and goes to the door. He says, "Pay for your things, as here's the parcel."

I says, "Let me look at them." He says, "They're done up."

So I opens the parcel, and out there fell such a lot of handkerchers, and as to the remnant it was green, tho' I'd bought a blue. I says, "These isn't the things as I bought, and won't pay for 'em." Says the young man, "I don't believe as you've got no money neither on you, as is a couple of old shoplifters the wus for drink, as one can smell the rum all over the shop."

I thought I should have struck him, and was just a-goin' to call in the police when I remembers my um-breller as I'd hung on the edge of the counter. So I rushes back for to get it when the young man says, "Let me see that umbreller," ketches it out of my hand, and shakes out of it a piece of edging and says, "I thought as much."

"Go for the police," says one. "They're the same gang as was in yesterday," says another. "Oh, yes," says a red-haired willin' "I see 'em loitering about the winder ever so long with noted thieves."

I never did feel in such a state. MRS. BULFITT, as I

think had dipped her beak in pretty free to the rum and water as we had by Spitalfields Church, she begun a-hollarin' and a-cryin'. But, bless you, my blood was up.

I says, "Send for the police, and do your wust, you catchpenny wagabones, as is a gang yourselves." "We'll let you off this time," says a feller with a woolly head of hair and a big watch-chain.

"Thankee for nothin'," says I, "what have I done?"

"Took our goods as was found on you, and it's six months certain," as sets Mrs. BULPIT a-howling frightful.

I says to her, "Don't go on like that. Let 'em prove as my umbreller is on me or as I took the things, as the ring were on the umbreller that tight till some of them undid it for to play their tricks."

Well, a policeman had come in thro' the crowds round the door, so I says to him, "I'm willin' for to go before the Lord Mayor this very instant." He says, "You'd better step it."

I says, "I'm respectable, as I can prove, and tho' the things is downright rubbish, will pay for 'em." I puts my hand into my pocket, and I'm blessed if every living thing wasn't cleaned out, as the sayin' is. "Well," I says, "I've been pillaged regular," and some one says, "Walker;" but so it was. Wherever I could have lost them I can't think; but what aggravated me was them fellows in the shop a-sayin' as they'd let me go thro' a-pityin' me for my age, and one tallow-faced 'umbug come up and said as he hoped I should see my herrers, and wanted to give me a track.

So I says, "It's my opinion as you're a wile set of perjed wagabones, as did ought to be put down, as no doubt you will be; but," I says, "if I don't expose you my name ain't BROWN," and I'd a-said a deal *more only* Mrs. BULPIT and the policeman kep'.

a-pullin' me out of the shop, as was a civil young man, and as luck would have it I'd a fourpenny-piece in my glove, as run to a glass of ale a piece, not as Mrs. BULPIT required none; but, bless you, she's a fish that woman, and when I got home BROWN had done his tea, and was aggravatin' in his talk, a-sayin' as I looked more like a thief than a 'aystack thro' me not bein' well dressed, as is my 'abits; but you'll never ketch me after no more bargains, as is reg'lar traps for to take you unawares, as is a thing as I don't hold with.



Mrs. Brown at a Wedding.

---

**F** ever there was a hold hunks, as the sayin' is, it's old EYLES is one, thro' having Welsh blood in his veins, as is known to be that fiery, for he'll be up in a moment, as there wasn't no occasion for; a milder party than his good lady, and one to slave her heart out to please him, there can't be, thro' being his second and a grown-up daughter by the first, the cross-grainededest party as ever I see, as ugly as sin, as the sayin' is, let alone being a rams-horn in crookedness, as certainly she cannot help, tho' her temper she might keep straight, and is thirty if she's a day.

Whatever young WILKINS could see in her but the little bit of money as she'll get thro' her grandfather, which she's got to wait for, as is a bitter pill a-having the old man in the house, as occupies the first floor in the perpetual sulks; not as they wants his company, tho' they'd a-been glad of his room, as he might have give up for the day, "For as to eighteen ever a-settin' down in your parlour, MRS. EYLES," I says, "it can't be done, not if they was to set in one another's laps." But she says, "It must be."

So I says, "It never can," and held to it. She says, "As it's all cold, it don't matter so much."

Nor more it wouldn't if old EYLES hadn't a-flared up like chops a-broiling, and says, "You don't mean,

Mrs. EYLES, as you're a-gein' to give my child a cold dinner on her wedding day?"

"Why," I says, "Mr. EYLES, it's done in the first families, as I've seen myself." "Well, then," says he, "it shan't be done in mine. I hates cold wittles, and I won't have it here," and busts into the back garden.

So she says, "Whatever am I to do, for it's all provided, and I durstn't let EYLES know it, as is a picter of a bit of cold roast beef, a pigeon pie, four cold fowls, and a Yorkshire ham." I says, "And does you credit." "No," says she, "all ready money; but whatever can I do?"

I says, "Warm it up." "No," says she, "that won't do," and was very nigh wild, when in comes old EYLES, and says, "Look here, I'll have a roast leg of pork, and a biled leg of mutton, and a hot meat pie, and anything else you like," and throws down a couple of sov'reigns, and out he goes again.

"Well, then," I says, "it's easy done, you can warm up your pie, bake your pork, and the mutton's easy biled," and so we agreed.

If there was a soaker it was that Saturday as ELIZA EYLES was married, and I'm sure poor Mrs. EYLES had her work cut out, for of all the tempers as ever a man was in it was EYLES, and as to the old man up-stairs, as is Mr. SYKES, ELIZA's grandfather, he was a-thumping with his stick like mad over your head.

If ever you see a object in this world it was ELIZA EYLES dressed for church. She'd got on a worked muslin as had been made too free with the blue-bag; a lace-trimmed jacket, as I should have called rubbish.

I says, "Wherever is your bonnet?" She says, "I ain't goin' to wear no bonnet, I've got a wail."

"What?" I says, quite took aback, for she's a complexion like a duck's foot, a swivel eye, with the meanest 'ead of 'air as ever was, as she'd been and soaped and plastered back al imperatriss, as the sayin' is, with a false plat stuck on, and when she come to put

on the wail I thought as I should have dropped. Off she went with her pa and the two HOPKINS's gals, as looked very nice in pink muslins and white bonnets, tho' I'm sure they was well wetted a-gettin' from the house to the fly down the front garden, as was full of pools thro' the drains being flooded.

I can tell you it took all our time for to get the things on the table by the time as they was back, and nice figgers they was thro' the drains a-bein' up all along Church-road, as forced them to walk ever so far and get that draggled, and old EYLES he'd been and slipped right into the open shore, as didn't improve his clothes nor his temper, and as to young WILKINS he's a Albino, as the sayin' is, thro' 'avin' of pink eyes and white hair, thro' his grandfather, as was a seafarin' man, having married one of them savages where he was shipwrecked in a desert island, as has come out in the prodigy line once or twice.

From the moment they come in the house troubles seem to thicken. As for old EYLES, he was the wus for drink aperient, and set a-staring wacant in the chair, a-callin' me a old charwoman with a word afore it as made me all of a creep.

I didn't take no notice, for we was all of a bustle with the dinner, as everything was a goin' wrong, for the leg of pork had come home from the baker's regular sodden and flabby, and the taters round it a-looking as pale as death, and as tho' they'd been drowned in their own fat. MRS. CHALLIN had let the leg o' mutton gallop like wild, and burnt up the apple sauce, the turnips was forgot, and jest as I was a meltin' a bit of butter for the caper sauce down come about a teacupful of soot, as reg'lar cooked it. So we puts the leg of pork afore the fire to brown, and if a red-hot coal didn't fall into the dish as set the grease in a flame and burnt the joint on one side as black as your hat.

ELIZA was being made tidy up stairs, thro' being

that draggled with her musling gownd in a train as she drewd thro' the mud, and goin' in for to see her grandpa as took a hatred to young WILKIN, a callin' on him a white nigger.

The old man would have them have something to drink for to be all friends, as he didn't mean nothing, and that brought on all the mischief as sperrits will on an empty stomic.

It was near two, what with one thing and the other, afore we got down to dinner, where we was that squoge up as never was, and I'm sure the stiff neck as I got a setting by the door as was kep' on the crack through the heat, the winder bein' kep' shet through the rain a driving.

EYLES was a-behaving like a brute, having constant words with his brother-in-law, MR. MALINS, as is a commercial gent, and travelled all over everywhere, and tried to make things pleasant; and there was MRS. WILKINS, as is a widder, as kep' on a cryin', sayin' as she couldn't help a-thinking of her own wedding, as I've heard say she must have a good memory for to remember one from the other, as she'd had three, as I don't hold with.

MRS. MALINS, as is own sister to EYLES, can't a-bear ELIZA and was a-setting next me a-pinching of me, and making remarks in redicule of her, till I was that afraid ELIZA 'd hear her, but law bless you, she was that full of herself and set a-simperin' and a-leerin' quite ridiculous in any one so plain.

All my dinner was a bit of plum pie, and some bread and cheese, as was the only thing not sp'ilt. However we got the table cleared I can't think. I know as the grease and gravy down my back was showers thro' Mrs. CHALLIN not 'aving a steady hand, as I attributes to drink. And when we got the sperrits and water and the nuts with almonds, and raisins, plums, and apples, it certainly did look very nice.



And just as we was a thinkin' as things might come round comfortable in who should come but MR. SYKES, 'LIZA's grandpa, as had crawled down stairs, tho' I do believe MRS. CHALLIN had helped him, tho' denyin' thro' thick and thin, for I'd hid his stick myself when I took him up some dinner, as he throw'd in my face a'most, and snapped my nose off.

Well, we was obliged to make room for him, in course, and I thought as I should have died with the scrouging and the heat.

Then they got a makin' speeches, EYLES he up and spoke that thick and hiccuppy as there wasn't no makin' out what he said. Young WINSLEY, as is fond of MATILDA HOPKINS, he made hisself very pleasant and sung a beautiful ballet as put old SYKES out, for if he didn't call 'im a 'owling puppy, and in my opinion was a little on.

MR. MALINS he spoke very nice a-payin' of compliments to MRS. EYLES for her trouble about the dinner, when if old EYLES didn't make the most awful remarks, a-callin' of his wife them names as is scandalous, and attacking of MALINS shameful, as brought in Mrs. MALINS a little too sharp, for if she didn't say as him and his gimlet-eyed daughter was a'pair, as set 'LIZA a screamin' like mad, a-sayin' as she'd tear her aunt's eyes out; and jest then old EYLES was a-lighting of his pipe with one of them fusees, and throw'd it careless on 'LIZA's wail, as was all in a blaze in a instant.

Well, one did one thing, one another, for they poured the hot and cold water all over her, and young WILKINS would have poured the sperrets, only the bottle was caught hold on. But young HOPKINS, as didn't lose his presence of mind, tore the wail off her head, plat and all, and stomped on it, as put her in that fury a-declarin' as it was done a purpose, and made a hit at MRS. MALINS, and as I tried to get at *for to separate 'em, leant all my weight on the table,*

as I'd propped up in the middle leaf, with a bit of wood, and if it didn't give way sudden under me, and go right in half, and everything capsized regular.

Every one hollared out, and you never see such a scene. 'LIZA pretended to faint, WILKINS set a-starin' stupid. EYLES got a punchin' MALINS' head, as knocked him down. I felt as somebody was under me, and when young HOPKINS dragged me up, there was old SYKES a-layin' in a fit.

Well, I do assure you it give me sich a awful turn that if I hadn't rushed out of the house sudden, it would have been my death, and every step of the way home I run without bonnet or shawl as is only three streets off, and when I got in was took with them 'sterricks, and palpitations as made BROWN say,

"I tell you what it is, young woman, you must be looked arter, for you ain't fit to be trusted out alone."

And poor MRS. EYLES as sent me my bonnet and shawl, thro' MRS. CHALLIN, as somebody had been a-settin' on, she took to her bed, and when I did go to see her, was altered dreadful, and says,

"MRS. BROWN, mum, bad as I am I'd go thro' it all again for to get rid of that 'LIZA, as was the cuss of my life, and young WILKINS will find her out, and serve 'im right too, as being that mercery a-marryin' for money as the sayin' is."



Mrs. Brown pays a Neighbourly Visit.

**I**T'S all very well talking, but why ever don't they do something with their Orders in Counsels, and Lord Mayors a-letting of such beastly keg-meg be sold, as I say is downright disgraceful for to pay eightpence-ha'penny for pieces, stuff as our cat would turn up her nose at, being a animal as is particular; but I says I know'd how it would be, the moment they took to bringing them foreign cattle in by shoals, as I never could a-bear the sight on, thro' living near the places where they did used to be landed; I never fancied them Ostend rabbits as looks dreadful stretched out in death, and no more taste than straw 'as. There is nothing like a bit of wholesome meat; tho', in my opinion, there's a many as eats a deal more than is good for them, let alone their pickles and sauces a-enticing their appetites as it would often do them good for to go without for a day. I was just a saying so to MRS. CHANDLIS, as I was a sitting with, thro' being up-stairs with her seventh—as fine a boy as you'd see. She says, "CHANDLIS goes on that dreadful about times being so bad, that it makes me quite down," and begun a giving way.

I says, "MRS. CHANDLIS, mum, I am now come to that time of life as enables me for to look back, and *there's always been* hard times, for I well remembers

hearing my dear mother say as she married with bread half-a-crown the loaf, and brought up a fine family, tho' only hard working people, and me the youngest all but three as she buried."

"But then," says Mrs. CHANDLIS, "there's the cholera, and the strikes, with the potato-disease a-coming on the top of the diseased meat, is enough for to make anyone tremble."

"Well," I says, "it's my opinion as we all looks forward too much, a-meeting trouble halfway as the saying is; the same as happened to my own aunt as had a crooked finger as never gave her no pain, but thro' not a-bearing of it being such a eye-sore, went into the hospital for to have it off, and died in the lock-jaw as set in. But," I says, "this won't do for me, I must be a-goin'; but," I says, "you're a cup too low, you are; why don't you get a newspaper read to you as is that full of murders as is certainly that interesting."

So she says, "Do sit a bit longer, for you talk that cheerful as seems to do me good, and I wants to hear all about poor dear Mrs. BORRIT as was burnt that frightful thro' the clothes-horse a catching."

"Ah," I says, "poor thing, she's rallied wonderful, tho' rather throw'd back thro' the old gentleman on the second floor a-dying sudden, and them young IVESES being pretty nigh drowned, as is her own sister's children, a-playing the wag, as the sayin' is, and getting down to the river Lea; brought home in blankets to her own door, and her thinking it was her own boys. But," I says, "you mustn't be anxious, for I don't suppose as your NED is a boy to act like that," as I know'd he's a young scamp, and he'd been out all day unbeknown to his father, and see her change colour when I talked about them young IVESES.

So to change the subject I says, "It was very sad

about poor young WILLIAMS a-goin' down with all hands a-perishin' on board that steamer, as is things I never did hold with since that time as I was in a shipwreck myself a-goin' to Margate one year, and the biler busted, and there we was stuck in the mouth of the river, and might a-been there till now if we hadn't been took aboard the opposition boat, as was racing, and led to the accident. Just the same as the cab I was in myself that time as I was a-takin' poor ELLEN BRATT to the infirmary, as got a housemaid's knee thro' kneeling on them flagstones, as I told her would wear her out, and I'm sure the fright as it give when the pole of that 'bus come slap thro' the panel and grazed over my shoulder, as would have been certain death a inch either way, as happened to BROWN's own mother, as was a remarkable fine woman, for all the world BROWN over again, tho' of the opposite sect. As never recovered it thro' over-reaching herself, and cricked her back-bone, and never held her head up again, as p'raps was not to be expected at seventy-four, though living a good twelve years. Ah! poor thing, she always said as I should never count a grey hair, thro' being that delicate, that when my JEM was three months old every one said, 'She's a-going fast,' and will always speak well for old DR. BLUBBERTON, as lived in the Boro', as did me more good than all the rest, as was afterwards transported. And I do say bottled porter is a thing for to keep the life in you, tho' I never fancied it for months after that time as the quaker did away with his own mother thro' administering it with prussic acid."

I really don't think I should have stayed so late, but poor MRS. CHANDLIS she turned faint, and of course I never left her till she was better as a good cry seemed to bring her round, and then I says, "Good night," and must say was hurt at hearing

CHANDLIS say when he come in, "No wonder as she's ill if that old MOTHER BROWN has been clacking away all the afternoon."

So I was huffed, and off I went short, not as I noticed his rudeness, and was hurrying along thro' not a-liking them back streets, as is lonesome.

I was a-walking on pretty sharp and observes a party as seemed the wuss for drink a-head, so I crosses the street as were that full of puddles as I had to pick my way. I gets across just agin the sugar baker's dead wall, where there's a gas light, and come round the corner sharp agin a party, as says, "Hullo, elephant, where are you a-coming?"

I says, "Who are you a-calling a elephant?" when a young woman as was with him says, "You did ought to be took up, a-bumping agin parties as you might do a injury to."

I says, "You're a insulting hussy, that's what you are." She says, "Who are you calling a hussy? I'll let you know."

I says, "Let me pass," for there was the intoxicated party and other characters a-crowding up, as I knowed was no good; so I says, "Let me pass, or I'll give you in charge."

"Oh, you will, will you; whatever for?"

"What for?" says I, "for insulting of respectable parties."

"Wherever are they?" says one. "The old lady's a little bit on," says another. "Where are you goin' a Sunday?"

I says, "Whatever is that to you?" I says, "Let me pass."

"Come on, mother," says a hulking fellow, "I'll see you safe," and ketches hold of my arm, and tries for to draw it through his'n.

I says, "Leave me be, you willin." I'm blest if some didn't begin a-pushing me from behind, and

run me along ever so far, a lot of gals and waga-bones a-hooting and shouting.

"Help!" I screams, but law bless you, my voice was drowned, and they seemed all a-dancing round me, a-hollering like mad, when all on a sudden some one cries out, "Here's the crusher!" and they let go that violent as I staggered, and should have fell but for the policeman as caught me. He says, "Hullo, old lady, whatever caper is this?"

So I says, "Policeman," I says, "I've been treated shameful." Says he, "Whatever business have you a-larkin' about with a parcel of boys?"

"Me a-larkin'," I says, "whatever do you mean? I was a-walking home quite respectable when those roughs attacked me, as it is your duty for to look after." He says, "I knows my duty, and don't want none of your lip over it."

"But," says I, "wherever is my redicule? and if my pocket ain't turned inside out." "What have you lost?" says he.

"I'm sure I can't tell," says I; for if everything wasn't clean gone, even to my shawl. "Where do you live?" says he.

"Close agin the Commercial-road." "Then," says he, "you ain't a-going home, for this is Poplar."

"Why," I says, "if I ain't been and took the wrong turning a-comin' out of MRS. CHANDLIS's, as lives agin Limehouse Church." "As is my own aunt," says he.

"You don't say so; law, how singler," I says. "You've heard her speak of MRS. BROWN?" "Often and often," says he, "and well I knows your good gentleman, as goes every morning to the docks like clockwork. Well, then," he says, "I'll see you to a 'bus, as," he says, "a Blackwall will put you down at the end of the street; but," he says, speakin' serious, "I'm glad as I knows you, Mrs. Brown, for

really," he says, "there's such lots of rough characters about here of a night that we locks 'em up by the dozens, and I was a-goin' to take you off."

"Well," I says, "I thinks it must be aperient to any one as I am a lady. "Well," he says, "with your bonnet smashed all like that, no shawl on, and your things half tore off your back, there's no telling what you are," as was very true, and it's lucky as I was able to borrow sixpence on him, as he's promised for to drink tea next Sunday as ever is and bring his young lady as is daughter where Mrs. CHANDLIS lodges, as is a-making of a bed as she'll have to lay on, for whatever is a policeman but starvation, as don't get more than eighteen and sixpence clear, and turning night into day as the sayin' is, and looks far from strong thro' having been beat to death nearly twice, and his right eye nearly tore out thro' a-trying for to interfere to save a brickmaker as was stomping on his wife, as turned round ungrateful on him tho' being of her life preserver as the sayin' is.

Glad I was to get home afore BROWN, as would have gone on for everlasting about me being so fond of the streets as is a place I don't hold with, and do think it's a shame as there ain't more police for to look after them low-lived characters, as is a downright pest as the sayin' is, and a terror to parties attending a place of wuship on a Sunday evening, thro' congregations of them being all along the road as insults you gross, and don't hesitate for to muslest them as is unprotected, not as I'm afeard in daylight, but darkness is a great deceiver, as the sayin' is.





**Mrs. Broton among the Teetotallers.**

“**N**O, I will not go, thank you, Mrs. EDWARDS. I’ve been twice, and the last time was when I got mixed up with them dratted teetotallers as is three year ago when I went for to take care of a lady in the name of PEDDER, for I says to Mrs. PEDDER, as was just come to live in our street, tho’ brought up in Marlow, as is a waterin’ place, did you ever see the Cristil Pallis?” She says, “No, tho’ heard speak on’t scores of times, and have heard say as it’s like fairyland.”

“Well,” I says, “I can’t say thro’ never having been so far as fairyland; but,” I says, “certainly the Cristil Pallis is wonderful, as was built in Hyde Park, and moved all the way out there, as is now put on a high level, as BROWN was a-readin’ in the paper. Not as it wanted being put up higher, for the stairs was downright killin’ to the legs last time as I saw it. But,” I says, “if you’ve never been it’s a sight as is worth seein’, and BROWN’s club is on Monday, and why not go, as is not expensive, and you that lonesome, thro’ havin’ married a captain as is just sailed, and only buried her infant two months.”

So she says, “I think it would cheer me up,” and so it was settled, and BROWN he said as I should be sure to make a mess on it, as is his derisive ways.

*Certainly Monday was a muggy day with rain, as*

I knowed it would be, thro' seein' the stars that full out on Sunday night, as is always a forerunner, as the sayin' is. So we agreed for to meet at the corner of our street where the 'buses passes regular, and there I did wait and wait for MRS. PEDDER to nearly half-past eleven, when I see her a-comin' slow down the street as had been a-waitin' at the wrong end like a born idiot, as there ain't no 'buses goes that way.

I must say as it's very convenient a-gettin' the 'bus from the corner, and takin' you right to the very place, but law the crowd at the station was tremendous, and a nice fight I had to get to the place where you gets the tickets, and the rush as there were thro' a narrow gate to get to the trains very nigh settled me, and MRS. PEDDER took faint.

When we was got inside where the trains start from, bless you room there wasn't, and train after train went off without us.

We was a-settin' a-doin' of a drain, as the sayin' is, and a good many parties stares very hard and pints at our bottle, and some laughs. Just then a empty train come in back'ards, and a young man, a porter, says, "Now's your time," and hurried me up to it, as they kep' a-hollering "keep back," and yet a-jumping in theirselves like mad, as at last the young man give me a jerk up, and into a carriage I shot, and fell a-sprawlin' all on to their laps as was inside, a solemn-lookin' lot, and didn't offer no assistance cheerful like.

I'm sure the way we was scrouged up in that carriage, and me having to stand up thro' a-giving MRS. PEDDER a seat, that I was that glad for to be arrived.

They may talk about levellin', but I'm sure there was stairs enough for to mount to get into the Pallis, and the place looking very gloomy like, and all of a steam, like a heavy wash. Glad I was to get poor

MRS. PEDDER a seat anywhere, and made her take a little cold water with the least dash in it.

Certainly there was crowds upon crowds, with the lots of children, and flags, and all manner, so I says, "I should say as it's the Foresters, or p'raps the Odd Fellows," thro' parties a-wearin' scarfs and rosettes, in blue and pink, and all manner.

I says, "MRS. PEDDER, mum," I says, "whatever do you think on it?" "Well," she says, "to me it's only a large forcin' house," as ought to know, thro' her own grandfather being a market-gardener, but she says, "It certainly is wonderful however they could have moved it, such a size!"

"Why," I says, "it's nothing to their a-takin' that cable millions of miles under the sea, as would have been easy done, only it snapped sudden, as I see the picter myself in the newspaper, as will happen even in a clothes line, as well I knows it."

So when we was a little refreshed, we walks about and heard the orgin, as was that powerful to be distracting, as is played by steam, as I was a-tellin' MRS. PEDDER, when a boy, he says, "You're played by steam, why there's the man a-playin'." I says, "You knows nothin' about it," I says; "he's only a-setting there a-making believe, for the look of the thing." As made him burst out a-laughin' like wild. We got a seat at last, MRS. PEDDER and me, and was a-havin' of our little bit, and a-talkin' just a little with it, when a young man comes up and says, "Would you mind a-movin'?"

"Where to?" says I. "Anywhere," says he, "only you're a-settin' here in the Band of Hope, as is a disgraceful example."

I says, "Young man, whatever do you mean? Bother your band, if it's a-goin' to play I suppose I don't stop it, not as I wants any more music *just yet*, for I likes to take my meals in peace." So

he says, "You're takin' fermented liquors in our very face."

I says, "Nonsense! pure spirits won't ferment, as is natural in home-made wines and beer, and will happen in jams if not enough sugar to keep it under."

Just as I was a-talkin' there come up some old chaps with scarfs on and rosettes in their coats, dressed, I should say, genteel, tho' ridiculous, as says to me, "You had better withdraw yourself away, as is provokin' remarks, and makin' of yourself a object in ridicule. So listen to reason. Isn't it a sight for to see two females a-takin' spiritous liquors in the middle of temperance societies?"

It did reg'lar enrage me for to be called a female to my face by a rubbishin' teetotaler. I'm glad as I took off the glass as I had in my hand, or I should p'raps have answered too hasty, as is my habits, tho' wrong.

So I says, "I despises the whole bilin' on you too much for to say what I thinks on you, as is a-rubbishin', psalm-singin', cantin', set of 'umbugs, as didn't ought to be allowed wherever one goes a-followin' one about, as can't go nowheres free from you, not even the top of the Monument, where I see you last." "Ah! my friend," says the old gent, "do not speak in wrath, as is not your nat'ral feelin's, but only them stimulants."

I says, "I shall speak as I like, and I ain't no friend of yours, so don't you make so free," and jumps up, and away I walks. I says, "I'll tell you what we'll do, MRS. PEDDER: there's lots of tea a-goin', we'll get some early." So we gets our tea, as looked strong, tho' not so, and was a-takin' a bit of bread and butter when I says, "I thinks this tea as been biled, as is a thing I can't take, biled tea, and you didn't ought to venture on, MRS. PEDDER, without a-somethin' for to

check it," and there was just enough left in the bottle, as would only hold three-quarters from the first, for to give a flavour to the tea, when a party as was a-settin' there says, "How you can drink away your body and soul is wonderful."

Well, it give me quite a turn to be spoke to like that, so I says, "Now I tells you what it is, if you comes here a-botherin' me any more I shall say somethin' as you don't like." "Ah!" he says, "I was like you once, a poor faggit only fit for burning."

Well, to be called a faggit was more than I could bear. I says, "You hypercritical, tallow-faced toad! Why," I says, "you're been a-drinkin' yourself, and can hardly stand." "Oh!" says a party, as was settin' by him, "cruel words, as have both took the pledge agin and agin," and if she wasn't chokin' with hiccups.

So the man he says, "You're fitting yourself for the bottomless pit, as is the drunkard's doom."

Well, I couldn't stand that talk no more. I says, "You and your female is intoxicated beastly, as is always the ways with your sneakin' teetotal doin's—you ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

Well, if the female didn't up and shy the tea as she was makin' believe to drink all over me. I puts up my umbrella for to ward it off, when if she didn't fly at me and try to tear off my bonnet. Poor MRS. PEDDER, she tried for to keep her off, but her foot slipped, and if she didn't fall agin me with that violent as to throw me back on to a whole party as was takin' tea behind me, as wasn't friends with them parties as begun the row with me, so thinkin' me to be one of their lot they pitched into me violent, a-pushin' and draggin' me over the place, and if I hadn't made pretty free with my umbrella, a-hittin' out all round, I never should have got out of *the place*, and when I did get up stairs, and lookt

round for MRS. PEDDER, I couldn't see her nowhere, and was that frightened, knowin' as she bein' a stranger would be quite lost. Of all the evenings ever I had it was at that place a-lookin' for MRS. PEDDER. I wandered all over the place, and got that awful tired as I thought I should a-died, and all as I could get was some bottled beer, as made me more thirsty and feel that heady, as is a heavy thing, and of all the rows as them teetotallers made I never did.

It's my opinion as they was the worse for what they took, every one of them, men, women, and children and all, till really I was that bewildered I gets into a corner, and thought as I might wait quiet, and might see MRS. PEDDER a passin', and it was a-gettin' quite dusk, so I sets a-waitin', and couldn't help a-droppin' off till I wakes up with a start, for if there wasn't a policeman's bull's-eye full in my face, and him a-sayin', "You must step it pretty sharp for to catch a train," and so up I jumps and hurries on like mad, and left my umbrella and basket behind, and was that aggravated for to hear of them porter chaps holler out to the fellow at the door, "Hold on, here's another stray teetotaller," as I hadn't time to answer him, for I had to rush into the train, as was shriekin' like wild with smoke a-stifflin'.

So I gets in, and slept that 'eavy as when we got to London Bridge I didn't know myself, and had to walk ever so far till gettin' of a 'bus, and went home with a heavy heart a-thinkin' wherever MRS. PEDDER could be got to, and knocked ever so long at her door till she answers in her nightcap from the bedroom window, 'avin' been home hours, as did aggravate me, for to think of her leavin' me behind like that, and BROWN a-takin' her part, as was gone to bed himself, thro' it bein' past eleven o'clock when I knocked at my own door, as is all the fault of

them temperance 'umbugs, as I can't bear the name on.

And Brown he keep on a-aggravatin' a-sayin', "You'll never be took for a tæetotaller, except by perfect strangers," as is rude remarks as I don't hold with.



## Mrs. Brown at the Old Bailey.

---

**I**T give me that turn when that young man come in and says, "Is your name MARTHA BROWN?" and hands me the strip of paper that I downright staggered, and if MRS. CHALLIN hadn't give me a chair I should have fell backwards, as the sayin' is. The young fellow he says, "It's no hangin' matter, but mind you attends to it;" and as soon as ever he were gone I says, "MRS CHALLIN, if I don't take a-somethin' I shall be took bad, for I feels them shivers a-comin' up my back, as is often warn-ings of illness." So she did step out for half-a-quartern, as is a thing I will never keep in the house, for it's gone like magic, tho' necessary when parties is liable to be took sudden.

Well, as far as I could make it out, it was a paper from the QUEEN, as I says, "However can she know anything about me," I says, "as never troubles my head with nothing of the sort." So I asks young EDMUNDS, as brought in the water-rate, whatever it meant. "Oh," says he, "your subpoena'd."

"What for," says I. Says he, "All along of Mrs. BRITTLES's back washus winder bein' broke into that Sunday evenin'" with me a-settin' in the arbour a-readin', as commands a full view of her premises, and see the parties as they was a-levantin' as the sayin' is.



"Wherever is it to?" says I. "The Old Bailey," says he. "Well, then, I'm sure as BROWN won't never let me go for to stand like a criminal in the docks." He says, "You're only a witness."

I says, "That comes of my talkin' to that 'ere policeman as come here a-pumpin' and a-spyin', and askin' that civil for to see our back garden, and talkin' that agreeable, me little a-thinkin' as he was a reg'lar Jesuit, as I'm told there is in every family, with a book wrote all about it." So when BROWN come in he says, "That comes of your lettin' that red rag o' yourn run so free." "But," I says, "BROWN, you won't never suffer it?" "Suffer what?" says he.

"Why, your lawful wife to be took up like that to the Old Bailey, as I never should hold my head up again thro' shame?" "Well," says he, "there ain't nothin' to be ashamed on. You must go, or they'll put you in prison and make you pay a hundred pounds."

I says, "Then they're tyrants, that's what I calls 'em;" but he only says, "Rubbish! Mind you're there by ten o'clock punctual."

So on the next Monday fortnight as ever were I had to go, and got MRS. CHALLIN to mind the house, and MRS. EYLES she went with me, and of all the drizzly, dirty mornings as ever I was out in, it was the worst. I says, "Let's be there in good time, and then p'raps they'll let us go all the sooner." So we got there as the clock was on the stroke of nine, and there was such a frightful crowd and we wasn't able to get near the place in the 'bus. I says to the conductor, "Is this the nearest as you can put us down?" He says, "We ain't allowed to go no nearer; but," he says, "if you walks very quick you may be just in time." I says, "Whatever do you mean?" and if they hadn't been and hung a man, as is a thing as I wouldn't see, not for all the world. I says, "I'd rather go to

prison or pay the hundred pounds, so back I'll go." Mrs. EYLES says, "Bless you, it's all over, and we'll take it gently. There goes nine."

Of all the crowds I ever see it was the wust, and I'm sure to look at 'em you'd say as hangin' was too good for 'em, and they came a-rushin' and a-hootin' that violent as me and Mrs. EYLES had to stand in a doorway ever so long for to let 'em pass. I says, "Mrs. EYLES, in my opinion them hangin's did ought to be done private, as might be made more agreeable to all parties, and not for to collect such ragamuffins together, as is a reg'lar pest to theirselves and others."

It was just ten when we was got to the Old Bailey, as was crowded up by the most wretchedest parties, and it made my heart feel for some of them poor creeturs as was a-sheddin' tears talking to policemen, and seemed a-beggin' hard for to be let in, as is a place as I'd rather be kept out on. We waited and waited in them damp, dirty passages till I was quite chilled, when a door opens sudden, and out comes a woman a-screamin' like wild, and her friends a-tryin' to hold her, but, law bless you, she fought like wild, and seemed ready for to tear 'em in bits, till at last she fell down in a fit. It gave me that awful turn as I says, "Mrs. EYLES, mum, I must take somethin'," and the policeman as was friendly to us he took us over to get some refreshments. So I asks him, "Whatever made her take on like that?" "Oh!" he says, "her Jox's got a lifer. I know'd he would." "Whatever for?" "Oh!" he says, "a heavy burglary."

Well, just then in came a lot of parties as was that cheerful, and a-talkin', sayin' they was that glad as she'd got off. Says the policeman, "I told you she would; I never see a young gal do it better."

I asks, "What?" "Oh!" says he, "she was up for the murder of her infant, as was six months old, only she come the gammon that strong, a-faintin' away

every moment, and being good looking, the jury let her off."

"Then more shame for 'em," says I. "Is that justice," I says, "a brazen-faced hussy as one might forgive a misfortune to, but for to go and imbroad her hands in innocent blood of her own child, she's wuss than a beast of prey. If I'd my way I'd burn her, a wretch."

"You would, would you, old corpilence? It's well as their ain't a law for burnin' you, or all the fat'd be in the fire;" and if them vulgar, low-lived wretches didn't roar with their laughter.

I says, "You're a reg'lar slaughter-house lot, as a little hangin' wouldn't do no harm to."

Just as I was a-speakin' there was a old woman decided in liquor, as up and shied a pint pot at me, as would have done for me if it hadn't missed and hit a party atween the blade-bones, as returned the compliment by hitting out all round. So the police had to interfere, and glad I was to get out of the place, and Mrs. EYLES and the policeman led me into the courtyard, and there was a man shoutin' "**MARTHA BROWN**" like mad.

I says, "Here I am." "Look slippy," says the policeman, and they hurries me along and shoves me thro' a door, and there I was, reg'lar flurried and out of breath afore the judge and all. Of all the smelly stiflin' places ever I was in it was that court. However them judges can bear them head-dresses and furs puzzles me, not as I'd time for to think of much thro' a party shovin' a book in my hand and a-makin' me kiss it and swear to speak the truth, "as," I says, "is my habits, young man."

Well, a very nice party asked me very polite all about it. So I says, "My Lord," I says, "I'll tell you how it cum about." "Answer my questions," says the party.

"So I will," I says, "my lord ; but," I says, "how ever are you to know if I don't tell you, not as I bears any malice or hatred in my heart, but," I says, "for to rob a lone woman——"

The other judge, him as was a-settin' up above, says, "My good woman," a expression as didn't sound well in his mouth, "confine yourself to answering when you're spoke to."

I says, "Yes, my lord," I says, "as it is my habits, for I ain't one to trouble myself with nobody's business, for I'm sure any one as knows me can bear testaments."

"Answer the counsel directly," says another old judge, as had a pimply nose and spoke irritable, as I should say had been a-takin' somethin' in his tea, as he must require, a settin' stiflin' and a-stewin' in that place all day.

I says, "By all means; I'm sure I don't want to speak."

No more I didn't, for with all his rigmarole questions he didn't get at the truth, for he kep' a-stop-ping me, and when I thought as he was done, and was a-turnin' to go, up got a young chap with a snappy sort of manner, and says, "Pray, Mrs. Brown, how old are you?"

I says, "I ain't ashamed to tell my age, as was born in the year of the allied sufferings comin' over, as I've often heard my dear mother say, as she stood on Westminster Bridge for to see 'em pass by, and it's a mercy as she got a hackney coach."

So says the young chap, "Ah, I dare say, but we don't want to hear about that, but all we want to know is about your eyesight—is it as good as it used to be?"

"Well," I says, "for that matter I can see as far as my neighbours, and that Sunday afternoon——" He says, "What Sunday afternoon?" I says, "As

you're a-speakin' on." He says, "I never mentioned the words."

"Then," I says, "you did ought to, for it was a Sunday as I was a-settin' a-readin', leastways a-dozin', when I heard a crack like glass a-givin' way. So I gets on the seat, and looks over the wall jest in time to see a man a-gettin' in at Mrs. BRITTLES' back kitchen window, as I know'd was gone to a place of worship." "Well," says the young chap, "you must have a very long sight if you can see a man's face gettin' in at a window when a long way behind him."

I says, "It is not a long way, for," I says, "it's only the length of Mrs. BRITTLES' garden." "What length is that?" says he.

"Why," says I, "the length of a garden." "Well," he says, "look at the prisoner at the bar—is he the individual that you saw a-gettin' into the window?"

"Well," I says, "let him turn round and make believe to be a-gettin' in at a window, and see if I don't swear to him?" "Can you or can you not say whether he is the man?" asks the judge.

"Well," I says, "my lord, leastways I think——" "Don't think. Will you swear?" says the young chap. "You're quite enough to make any one, not as anything would make me give in to such a low habit." "You wont swear, then?" says he. "Certainly not."

"Stand down," says a policeman.

I did stand down, and was glad to get out of the place, but was that trembly as I sunk down on a bench, and if they hadn't got me some refreshments I don't think as I ever could have left that place.

Well, it wasn't very long afore they come out, and I hears a young chap say, "It's all right, he's got him off. Wasn't the old gal a trump." Jest then up comes MRS. BRITTLES in a towering passion, as says to me,

"You're a base ooman, a-perjurin' yourself like that just to spite me, as have told me yourself as you could swear to that man anywheres, and then to eat your own words, as in my opinion you've been bought off, as I'll see if law can't lay hold on you."

Well, I was that took a-back as I nearly dropped, and how I got home I don't know with a splittin' head and Brown that coldblooded, a-sayin' that it was all my own fault, and if I'd held my tongue I might have kept out of it, as was only my wantin' for to seem to know everythin'.



## Mrs. Broton and the Emperor of the French.

---

[“L'EMPEREUR NAPOLEON, sur les témoignages avantageux qui ont été rendus de la moralité de MME. BROWN, ainsi de la reputation distinguée qu'il s'est acquise dans sa profession désirant lui donner une marque particulière de sa bienveillance et de sa protection, nous a ordonné de lui accorder le titre de Fournisseur de l'Impératrice.”]

We were highly gratified, as we are sure our readers will be, by having the above announcement forwarded to us; but on applying to MRS. BROWN for confirmation of the statement, have been favoured with the following reply:—]

**M**E appointed to the EMPEROR's household? I'm sure I never shall forget the turn young SIMMONS gave me when he came in with that paper as he'd been and copied out of a winder thro' being in a west-end house, tho' livin' at home with his mother, as steady a woman as ever trod shoe-leather, tho' rather took up too much with them Methodists for me, and a good son he is I must say, tho' fond of his joke, and a-seein' a deal of life as is quite different at the west-end, with their clubs and balls and other gimcracks, as must want somethin' to do bad to give into such things. Well, when he comes in he says, “Your fortune's made, Mrs. BROWN, tho' I don't know

as BROWN will like it," I seemed quite took a-back, as the sayin' is.

So I says, "Whatever do you mean?" "Oh!" he says, "it's all wrote out and signed reg'lar, and I see it in a winder myself, and here's the copy, as our head man has been and told me the English on."

"I says, "Whatever are you a-jaggerin' about?" "Oh," he says, "he's been and made you his four-nisseur."

"His what?" says I. "Why, his fournisseur," says he, "as is printed plain."

"What are you a-runnin' on at?" I says. "Who's been and dared for to tamper with my name?" He says, "The EMPEROR NAPOLEON."

"Who?" says I. "The EMPEROR," says he.

"CHARLES SIMMONS," says I, "whatever do you mean?" "Why," he says, "there you are a-figgerin' in a window of a bonnet shop in Bond-street as the EMPEROR's fournisseur."

You might a-knocked me backwards; as it was I dropped in a chair like any one took silly, and if it hadn't been as the bottle was on the table, as MRS. CHALLIN had brought in, as not hardly knowin' what I did I put to my lips, I do think as convulsions would have set in. When I got on my glasses and looked at the paper, it wasn't nothing but a lot of French gibberish. So I says, "CHARLEY," I says, "whatever does it mean?" "Why," he says, "our head man has made it out for to mean as the EMPEROR, havin' heard speak of the morality of MRS. BROWN, and a-wishin' for to give her a mark of his esteem, and desiring for to take her under his protection, has ordered her to be made his fournisseur."

"But," I says, "whatever is a fournisseur?" He says, "As our head man didn't know; but it was something like the Empress herself."

I says, "I never did. What insults to be sure, the



willin! I've heard tell of his morality, and a nice one he is. Take me under his protection, indeed! I never did! I thought as he stared very hard at me that time as he very near run over me thro' comin' between his pheaton and a omnibus, not as I think much on him nor the ~~EXPRESS~~ neither. Why, they wasn't much better than myself a few years ago, for I've heard them say as saw it that the mob broke into the Pallis, and throwed the Royal family and all the furniture out of the window in heaps in the court-yard, and the destruction was awful. It's lucky as they didn't cut their heads off as they did the ones afore them, as it's disgraceful to hear about, and whatever them police and soldiers could be a-doin' to stand by and allow such goin's on, as never is at their posts when they should be. So it ain't a place as ever I should care to be in permanent, as you never know when you go to bed to-night if you mayn't get up with a riverlution a-runnin' thro' the streets in the mornin'; as I'm told they barricadoed even to the busses, as must be easy done when you see how three will block up the way; and innocent parties goin' out on a errand, and never come home thro' bein' shot down like dogs, him a-givin' the order, as the poor old lady, as is a consurgery close by, where we was a-stoppin', had a son, as fine a young man as was in the Blues, and found his body a-welterin' in the sun, as the sayin' is, and never been right in her mind since, and when hearin' of a drum will scream, and the only thing as pacifies her is hot charcoal to the feet and knittin'-needles, as distracts the mind, as it will be sure to come home to him, a ugly wretch to look at, tho' it was as much as ever I could do for to keep BROWN under for abuse agin the lot, as he says one is as bad as the other of them as has power, as may be true, not as ever I'll believe as the LORD MAYOR, as I've seen myself a-settin' in his chains,

would ever order and one to fire down Cheapside on unoffendin' passers-by, for whoever would be safe; but them foreign parts don't seem safe to me, for the people's got such squallin' ways, and up in a moment over a game of cards. But certainly to iron and get up fine things they are wonderful, not as I'm bad myself, but somehow the things smells stifley thro' the charcoal, as is a thing as would soon finish me, as it did them two young couple as lived near where we was, as picked up a livin' with a harp and violin a-singin' at them coffees; and bitter weather it was when they did it, and she a-shiverin' with hardly a shoe to her foot, and a wretched old gown with no bonnet on, as made my heart bleed a-seein' them pass by, and would have give 'em a cup of soup with pleasure, tho' not a-knowin' the language, and didn't like to stop 'em, and that poor girl, Brown's niece, as bad as she could be, I was forced to stop and nurse, and when I heard say as them poor creatures had been and stifled themselves thro' a-stoppin' every crevice with burnin' charcoal, I thought I should have dropped, as must have been drove to desperation thro' hunger bein' a sharp thorn, and if ever I see a angel it was that young gal with the large floppety white bonnet on her head, as come and took the little child as they left down along with the porter, thro' not havin' the heart to stifle it, and no wonder, for it was a beauty, and when that Sir de Charity, as they calls her, come for it, if she wasn't English."

So I says, "My dear, whatever are you a-doin' here away from your friends in this outlandish place?" But she says "As she was as happy as the day was long." And so she looked; but I couldn't help havin' a good cry for to think of her; but, law bless you, I'm told that them sirs is everywhere a-nussin' in the hospitals and on the battle-fields, and gets nothin' for it but the blessings, as they well deserves.

But them French is so singler in their ways, for they're up to every game as you can think on, but, bless you, as sharp as needles, as I soon found out, and certainly very polite, tho' I have heerd say as a good deal of that is gone out along with the men a-kissin' and a-huggin' whenever they met.

But certainly the soldiers is wonderful all over the place, and some of them heathen Turks as wild as alligators, not as ever I felt at all afraid on 'em, for they seemed uncommon cheerful, tho' given to be boisterous; but as to their doin's it's wonderful, a-goin' anywheres and everywheres just as that EMPEROR orders, only I shouldn't advise 'em to come any of their nonsense in London, as is easy reached by train, for I'm sure we shouldn't like their ways, as considers our own soldiers a downright nuisance, as they always was when I lived near them barracks in the Regency Park, where the fights was a downright disgrace of a Sunday night, as I've seen myself stripped to the skins, and all run away like mad from a single policeman, not as them French seemed to quarrel much, as is fond of their dancin' and rubbish of a Sunday evenin', as I says it's better anyhow than fightin' and stabbin' with them baggynets, as 'appened in a public-house in Kentish Town, thro' the young gal a-refusin' to draw them any more beer, and was disarmed in consequence, as is very proper in my opinion.

But all I've got to say is that if the EMPEROR have been and put me down on his household, it must be thro' that MR. SCRATCHLEY's rubbish a-goin' on about me, as I should say there must be a law agin, or whoever can be safe in their beds; not as ever I wanted him for to make me that notorious, and if BROWN had been half a man he'd a stopped him long ago. But if they think as ever they'll get me to turn French *they're mistaken*, for, law bless you, I can't speak a

word on it, as is the most tongue-tryingest rubbish, what I calls a reg'lar jargon, as the sayin' is, and swear in it frightful, as they do, tho' not much harm, as there ain't no meanin' in it.

So when I was got home I says to BROWN that very night, I says, "If they was to crown me to-morrow, I wouldn't go and live there. Why," I says, "they haven't got such a feather-bed as this not in all Paris, and tho' I must own as them mattresses is very comfortable, nothin' suits my bones like a feather-bed, as I've been a-layin' on this forty year, as was my dear mother's, and has had two new ticks with the feathers baked and added to; and if there is a thing as brings me round it's a pint of fresh-drawn porter, as I owes my life to, and a good bit of wholesome meat is worth all their messes; and I'm sure the dish-wash as they calls soup is wonderful to think on, and they ain't no figures to speak on with complexions like washed-out calico. So," I says, "give me Old England arter all; for," I says, "you may go further and fare worse, as the sayin' is." But, bless you, BROWN was a-snorin', and so a-feelin' thankful as I was in my own bed agin safe and sound, I soon dropt off.



**Mrs. Broton on Domestic Servants.**

---

**W**ELL, then, in my opinion he don't know nothin' about it, and didn't ought to write such rubbish. However should he, as is only a stonemason, or something like that, leastways a architect, as is the same thing as a builder, as I heard BROWN say when he was a-readin' to me last Sunday evenin'.

I says, "What rubbish," I says, "a-talkin' about slaves as did used to be all black, and I'm sure I never should fancy my meals cooked by niggers, thro' seein' one of 'em once make a curry with his own hands, a-squeezing of it about, as is always unpleasant even when washed constant, as any one as is black would no doubt consider waste of time, as is the reason as I don't hold with black stockings, as never was allowed in service when I first went out, as my dear mother used to say, 'Dress respectable and not over your station,' words I always kep' in mind when a-layin' out my quarter wages, when things wasn't what they are now for price, and have give tenpence and a shillin' a yard for a cotton dress, as always looked well and washed to the last, with my cap a-coverin' my hair well for to keep out the dust when sweepin', and my sleeves tucked up and a apron as tied round me; but, law bless you, now-a-days there they are with a bit of a fancy rag stuck at the back of their heads, and a nice mess they

gets into a-shakin' a bit of bed-side carpet even, and their crinolines, as shows disgraceful when a-cleanin' of door-steps, and on a Sunday they're a sight."

It was only last week as JANE CHALLIN come home to see her mother, as is out in place somewhere westwards, and never did I see such foolishness—a bonnet as looked that bold, with a red rose stuck in the middle, and a fancy shawl, with a dress as is made for to look like silk, bein' nothin' but cotton and worsted.

So I says, "JANE," I says, "it's all very well for to spend every farthin' on your back, a coverin' it with rubbish, but you might buy useful things, and have a trifle to spare for your mother, as has a hard struggle with seven."

She says, "My young gentleman likes me to look like a lady when we walks out on a Sunday."

"Oh," I says, "indeed! then it's a pity if he's a gentleman as he lets you keep in place. Why don't he marry you off-hand?"

She says, "He will as soon as he gets a pound a week, as he only haves eighteen shillin's now."

I says, "Pray, whatever is he?"

She says, "He's in the haberdashery business."

"Well, then," I says, "whatever do you mean by ladies and gentlemen, as is your betters, as you are only a-apin';" for, bless you, that young man he comes out in his patent leather boots, as makes a ugly foot look bad in my opinion, and he's got his fine ties and light gloves, as I suppose he gets for nothin', with a flower in his coat, and a beastly bad cigar a-smokin' constant. Them cheap clothes never looks well beyond a Sunday or two, and there they are a couple of fools as will marry to misery on a pound a week, and come to pawnin' the very bed from under 'em.

I says, "JANE, if he's a shopman and you're a general servant (as is the word, for, bless you, she was up in a moment because I said maid-of-all-work) why don't you save all as you can?" for she's got a good place, as I considers eight pounds a year with everything found her, and only a widder lady to wait upon; but not she, the more she gets the more she'll spend; as certainly I do pity them poor lodgin'-house gals, as gets p'raps four pounds and a turn-up bed in the washus, thro' all the family occupyin' the kitchens, as was nine in all, and let the whole house out, and what that gal had to do isn't for to be reckoned up till she was took with fits, and died in the workhouse infirmary, as was all brought on by bad livin'.

But as to MR. RAGSKIN, or whatever is his name, he must be a downright idiot, not to say a brute, for wherever is the use of talking about beatin' of a servant gal, as he'll find the law don't allow, so he'd better not try it on like the master of the workhouse, as was properly punished, tho' I must say as them creatures in the workhouse is a bad lot, and what aggravates me is to think of the downright wickedness of putting a lot of young gals in the same place as the vilest wretches as disgraces the streets, and the langwidge that awful, as a young Irish gal I once had told me as she'd rather lay down and die than go back, as was a good gal, but simple like. No more she didn't, but went out as a emigrant in a family.

And as to havin' of servants for ladies to treat 'em like sisters. Oh, indeed! I suppose drink tea and play the pianer together. Why MR. RAGSKIN must have been a-drinkin'.

I dare say, indeed, and whatever is the lady's husband to do? He couldn't set by and see MARY ANN put on coals, or go to open the door. It's my opinion

that there's some folks as is always a-writin' and a-talkin' about what don't concern 'em.

You can easy tell as Mr. RAGSKIN don't know nothin' about servants, and I'm suxe he can't have talked it over with no lady as keeps a house; but law, we all know that them old bachelors don't know nothin' as lives in chambers. Not as I'm one for keepin' servants down, and well I remembers my own missus who was a good mother and wife, and kept house like a angel, she always spoke proper, but wouldn't have no rubbish, and tho' when alone she'd say so me, "MARTHA, bring your work and set with me," I always knowed my place, and would read beautiful to me, and never would allow no followers nor Sunday evenin' church, nor none of that, but would say, "If you wants to go out on Sunday evenin' say so honest;" but church was never no excuse for her, as is the greatest rubbish, as I've heard lots of servant gals say as one went in for to hear the text and told the rest, as was a family where the master always asked 'em solemn of a Sunday evenin' what discourses they heard, as had better have minded his own business and set a good example. Not as I mean to say a word agin discourses, as is proper, nor goin' to a place of worship, only it's a pity for to look too close into them matters, as is people's own concerns, and only causes hypocrisy and lies, as the sayin' is.

I've lived as servant seven years in one place and three in another, as BROWN married me from, and always respected thro' a-respectin' my betters, and as I've heard my dear missus say often and often when I'd go to see her, "MARTHA BROWN, depend on it, good servants makes good places, for people ain't such fools as to part with what suits 'em; but now, bless you, there's such servants as you can't keep pace with, for," says she, "I went to call on my friend, Mrs. WENABLES, the other day, and says to the house-



maid, 'Is your missus at home?' 'I'll see,' says the girl, 'if MRS. WENABLES is.' I says, 'Ain't you her servant then?' as made her look foolish."

But it's all the ruin of the servants that cheap rubbish of dress and too much readin', as is all very right in its way; but a parcel of idle young hussies out with children in them perambulators, a-lettin' of their heads hang over enough to bring on fits, and a-runnin' into you with that front wheel thro' them a-readin' as they goes along, and of all the abuse as ever you heard that young gal gave me till the policeman come up, as pretty soon made her change her tune, as mudded the front of my gown shameful, and it's a mercy as I didn't pitch for'ard on to them babbies, as it might have been the death on.

And I'm sure the letters as they're a-writin', with the work neglected, would drive me mad, as was done at MR. BULBY'S, as lived in the Grove, and three o'clock, and not a bed made nor a dish washed of last night's supper, thro' MRS. BULBY goin' out for the day, and a-askin' me to step round, as found the green-grocer there with my own eyes a talkin' to that gal; and nicely put out she was thro' me a-orderin' the tea to be ready agin MRS. BULBY come in, as don't allow no followers, and gave her warnin' on the spot, with her boxes searched, and things took out as was the family's, a-cryin' bitter for shame, as did ought to have been persecuted only for the trouble, and the fault is as none on 'em ain't brought up for servants, as they considers degradin', as the sayin' is, but likes slop-work, as gives 'em their Sundays free, as seems to me to be all turned upside-down in their notions, and can't boil a potato, and nice wives for a poor man, as is drove to the public-house, and that's the end of most of 'em, as is ways I don't hold with. So if MR. RAGSKIN wants to know about servants I can tell him *p'raps* as much as any one, not as I'd say a word to *them*, as is a deal too saucy for me.

Mrs. Brown on Housekeeping.

---

**A**LL I've got to say, then, is rubbish, and them should be words to my dying day to any one as said such things as is beyond reason and above patience, as the sayin' is.

Whatever is £200 a-year? Reckon it up and see if you can make much more of it than not quite four pounds a week with Income-tax took off, as I knowed was done when Miss WENABLES married Mr. Hoskins, as had that income, being a inland revenue, as is never overpaid, thro' a cousin of mine, as was in one of their cutters, as was drove into bein' one hisself thro' debt, and sailed for America sudden on a Tuesday without no more than he stood up in, not even to a change of linen, as must have been unpleasant stifled up in a ship for months together.

Yes, it's easy for to say, "Take the book and read it," as of course I will when I come to be tied up for the afternoon, tho' I can't think wherever I've put my glasses, as don't suit me at all, as must be too powerful I should say, for I've no sooner got them on than I feels that they're a-drawin' me to sleep.

But don't it stand to reason as no one can keep a house like ladies and gentlemen on four pounds a week. Why, we spends just on three in our little way, a-payin' money down for everything.

You come to have a butcher or a baker's bill, as

them is forced into as gets the money by the quarter, and then see how a sovereign goes, like butter afore the sun.

Why, I nussed poor Mrs. Hoskins twice myself, as had a hundred a year of her own extra, and never could make both ends meet was it ever so, with a little family a-comin' on, and often and often she's said to me as it was a reg'lar struggle, and as nice a gentleman, fond of his home, tho' not a-takin' to the infant kind at night, a-sayin' if his rest was broke he hadn't no head for work in the mornin', as would set up ever so late for try and eke out a livin', as the sayin' is.

I'm sure the way they was plundered in them tradesmen's books was downright shameful, and never out of debt, tho' the rent was only £40, but throw in rates and taxes it's twelve pounds more, to say nothin' of gas. Then a general servant, and a gal as I don't hold to be no savin', for they eats more than a grown woman and wastes more than they eats, with no ideas of doin' nothin', and as full of their impudence as you please, and no getting 'em out of their beds.

A good, respectable, honest servant will stand you in thirty pounds a year at the least, and if you once gives in to a charwoman, it's downright ruin, what with half a day here and a mornin' there, as is sure to drop in at meal times, to say nothin' of odds and ends as they collars natural.

I knows as a butcher's and baker's bills soon mounts up to thirty shillin's in ever so small a way, and add in your grocery and buttermilk, with not a vegetable but potatoes, and see where three pounds a week will be for bills; then add in your coals and beer, as I hold to be waste in a house, for they send *the casks* a third full of muck and rubbish, as will *turn sour* at the least thing, and wasted dreadful tho'

kept under lock and tilted reg'lar, yet left a-drippin' all night, as runs away with a quart or two before you can turn round in the mornin', and what's the end? Wny, of course, debt and difficulties, as I often used to say, "Mrs. Hoskins, mum, that grease-pot is a reg'lar eatin' into you," for the things I've seen as has found their way there, and as to a tub for pig-wash, I'd as soon have the bottomless pit in the house, as will swallow up everything.

It is heart-breakin' for to see parties a-strugglin' on a-tryin' to be ladies and gentlemen, as is so in their places, but not havin' got the money is a-pinchin' theirselves with care in every line, and reg'lar old afore they're young, and not a-makin' no show neither.

I'm sure that time as Mrs. Hoskins asked me for to stop with the baby, as she went for to dine with his head, as she called him, and was consequent obliged to go, and wore her wedding dress, as she had trimmed with black velvet and black lace square over her shoulders, thro' bein' in mournin' out of compliment like, as the sayin' is, tho' it's a compliment as I don't want no one to pay me in a hurry. In my opinion that white silk would never have bore the light but for the black trimmin', and really a-grudgin' the cab fare, as were heavy, thro' its bein' all the way to Bayswater, and them a-livin' off the Bow-road, and as she says, "Whatever pleasure is it?" as was back by eleven, and might have heard her infant at Mile-end Gate, as nothin' wouldn't pacify after half-past nine, tho' I'm sure them tops and bottoms was like jelly with carraways for to comfort him.

I'll tell you how you can live on £200 a year. Start out of debt, with something in hand for to be able to keep so, and the best things is unfurnished apartments, where you knows the end on it, for I'm sure get into a house and it never does end. First one thing and

then another, your hand's never out of your pocket, and as to a garden except for to dry the clothes it's downright ruin.

I'm sure to live in a house and have people a-comin' for money would be my death, as I've seed that young Mrs. Hoskins turn pale at a single knock, and often not the price of the manglin' by her, as was a good industrious creature, and the way she'd set and cut up her things for them two eldest, as hardly went over the door after that time as the gal shoved the perambulator into the canal, and nearly drowned the lot.

It's all very fine to go and write a lot about what people ought to do, but let them as writes try it; and they'll soon see. Why, meat alone is ruination, and the doctor a-orderin' strong beef tea for the little girl as is in irons, thro' bein' put down too soon.

I'm sure I often used to wonder how that young man could bear up as he did, a-takin' a bit of lunch with him and nothin' but that table beer, and wouldn't have a drop of sperrits in the house beyond a bottle of brandy, as I would not keep in the place without a well knowin' what it is in illness, as has brought the life back to many as doctors have give over.

Brown, you needn't say, "Read the book and see what it says," for I don't mean to. Don't I know them parties in the name of WILLIAMS, as lived in the small house in Springfield-terrace, where there was lion's heads a-grinnin' and a glass street-door, as I don't hold with, thro' not bein' that private as I likes, and bein' ketched a-goin' up-stairs, as I was myself not fit to be seen.

Why, that young man had £400 a year, and began quite grand; for I'm sure the electrified plate must have cost a little fortune, and only sold like rubbish, as I always says silver's quite good enough for me like my teapot, as I wouldn't have electrified was it *ever so*.

"I'm sure her pianer with yellow silk let in, as looked elegant, with the drawin'-room, as was all lace curtains and artificial flowers, with two lookin'-glasses and wax flowers, and that cheap furniture, as I never did hold with, all shiny thro' warnish, but no strength in it, as I'm sure that sofy as give way with me the very first time as I called for to see her, as says, "Take a settin'," polite like. So I drops on to the sofy, as was lower than might be expected, and the crash as that leg give way with a-throwin' me back with the crown of my bonnet thro' a pane of glass, as might 'ave been my death, for I don't hold with a-settin' agin a winder, and her a-sayin' quite cool as it had give way the night afore thro' her good gentleman a-bein' tired and a-throwin' hisself on it, as is all outside show, and her dressed out a-receivin' of her company, and two bridesmaids a-settin' and a-waitin' all day, and only three old scarecrows come in a fly after all, with a silver cake basket and a waiter to match, for handing of the cake and wine, and not able to do a hand's turn thro' bein' quite the lady, and her father only in the ready-made line after all, and I'm sure the trouble as I had a-goin' night and mornin' for six weeks to dress and undress that infant, as she couldn't hold, let alone nurse, and said as she didn't care for children, as put my blood up.

I says, "Then, in my opinion, you ought to have kept single," and always a-whinin' and a-frettin' and a-makin' him that savage as he'd rush out of the house, as took to the bettin'-ring, and then it was all over, as might have been a steady man with a happy home, as I see broke up with my own eyes, and buried the infant the same week, as was as well, not as she felt nothin', but how to save her pianer.

"I says, "Why you never touches it," as was no great player I've heard say, and as to her singin', why give me shrieks, as mean somethin', not that up-roar, as wasn't music neither.

If parties is honest, and a-goin' to pay their way, let 'em begin quiet, for it's easy to launch out, as the sayin' is; but as to livin' with a family on £200 a year, it can only be done decent, as I've said, except old maids and widders, and they may write books till they're blind. At the price things is now it's only mechanics' wages, as I've knowed a gasfitter myself as earned it. Not as I means to say as there ain't a many as is bad managers, and that extravagant as would spend a fortune on their backs alone, as isn't my ways.

So don't you come home a-expectin' to cut a dash on four pounds a week, Mr. Brown, and I wish as them as has been a pisonin' your mind and a fillin' up your head with such rubbish had to keep you on it with every delicacy, as I'm quite satisfied, and thankful for what I gets, as is clean and wholesome, and none of your rubbish for me.



Mrs. Broton and the Glacier.

---



AM sure I don't know what the world is a-comin' to, that I don't, for the way as parties goes on is awdacious as I never did. Why, you ain't safe in your own house, as BROWN says is a Englishman's castle, not as I'd wish to have one for to live in myself, thro' knowin' what they is, as I've seen with my own eyes, where my own aunt lived and died, as the sayin' is, bein' a place called Rochester, as you did use to get at easy by the boat to Gravesend, and a 'bus as runned reg'lar.

Of all the ruinated old places, with no roof on and holes all round you, with a wind enough to turn a mill, and I should say as they must have been strong constitutions in them days, and must be fond of air, and not mindin' the cold thro' a-wearin iron plates all over 'em didn't feel it, as must have been uneasy for to sleep in I should say, not to say a-pressin' hard on the body, as I never could bear even a steel busk myself, and do not hold with them restraints, as must be hurtful.

But I was a-settin' noddin' a bit, thro' its being duskish arter tea, and not a-carin' for to light a candle too soon, when I hears a sharp crack as woke me up sudden; but I says, "P'raps it was fancy," and didn't take no more notice, and it wasn't till the next day as I was a-standin' at the winder, and see a party a-keep



a-touchin' of his cap and a-pointin'. So thinkin' as he were p'raps took silly, I didn't make no remarks till he rung the bell.

I says to the gal as answered it, and was a talkin' to him at the gate, "Whatever is it?" She says, "He wants to know if he shall mend you."

"Mend me!" I says; "he's a maniac." "Yes," she says, "he is, for he don't speak no English proper," as proved to be a foreigner.

So I says, "Whatever is it, mounseer?" thro' knowin' how they likes to be talked to; but he jabber'd away as sounded Jewish to me, and kep' a-pointin' to the parlour window, and if there wasn't a pane starred all over, as must have been the crack as I heard over night, and them HARKER boys, the plague of the place, a-throwin' stones all about, as is highly dangerous, and cost their own mother a front tooth comin' sudden round the corner.

So I says, "Whatever will you do it for?" He says, "One shillin', sixpence," as the gal heard him.

So I says, "That ain't dear," to myself, "as will be half-a-crown if I sends to the glazier." So I says, "I'm agreeable," but of all the knockin' and crashin' as he made I never did, and cracked two in doin' it, as he says he'd do a-making signs like.

When it was done if he didn't say as he would have five shillin's, a-holdin' up his fingers for the money.

I says, "Go along with your rubbish, I won't pay you." He says, "You pay me, you pay me," a-keepin' on a-hollarin' at me.

So I says, "LIZA, you open the front door wide," and I ups with the tongs, as was handiest, and says, "Now you go peaceable and quiet, or things may be unpleasant," and puts the eighteenpence on the table, as he collared precious quick, but says, "More I vill 'ave."

"Will you," says I, "now go." Well, he kep' a-

backin' and a-backin', me a-follarin him up with the tongs as he seemed for to shrink from like, but when he gets to the door-mat there he stops, and wouldn't let the gal shut the door thro' puttin' in his foot, as was my orders.

"I says, "Get out, will yer." "No," he says, "my money, my money."

So I gives a plunge at him with the tongs, as I didn't think as would have reached him, but ketched him in the side, nothin' for to signify, as wouldn't have knocked a fly off, as the sayin' is, when if he didn't scream out and falls backards, down them three front steps of ours, as I shouldn't so much have cared about the fellow a-fallin' backard on if it hadn't been as that good soul, MRS. YARDLEY, were a-comin' up that very minute, as is a lusty figger, and not as active as she used to be thro' lumbago, as has crippled her these two years, and if they didn't go and roll down both together to the gate.

I never did have such a fright in my life, for I heard poor MRS. YARDLEY give a sort of a somethin' between a groan and a hollar, as was the breath a-bein' knocked out on her, and the glass as he was a-carryin' under his arm a-crushin' and shiverin' all over, and all as ever me and LIZA could do wouldn't get the fellow up, as pretended to be stunned, and groaned frightful.

Well, what to do I couldn't tell, and if it hadn't been for the butcher boy as come up, and a milkwoman, as is natural strong thro' carryin' them pails, as braces up the figger, I don't think as we ever should have got that wagabond for to move, as had got his back agin poor MRS. YARDLEY's chest till she was black in the face.

Of all the cussin' as ever I heard that willin give into, a-sayin as I had killed him with broken glass worth a sovereign scattered all over the place; but law, I didn't pay no attentions to him thro' a-gettin'

MRS. YARDLEY into the parlour, as had come to spend the day, with the crown of her bonnet stove in, and her new gownd all gravel walk and putty, to say nothin' of the broken glass as had worked in.

It's a mercy as she wasn't killed, and, in fact, when I see her a-settin' takin' her dinner comfortable, as she did in about an hour's time, I was thankful, bein' a heavy figure for to fall, as must weigh many tons if she's a ounce.

But as to that wagabond as I'd have had the law on; but, bless you, there's never a policeman about if you was to scream your life out; he swore awful as he'd have me up. I says, "Do your wust, this is my house, and BROWN is my name," as I wouldn't deny was it ever so.

But, law, the fellow kep' on a-talkin' and a-groanin', a-rubbin' of his side, that at last I give him the five shillin's for to go in peace and quietness, thro' a-wantin' for to go in and see to the dinner, as were a roast fowl with a nice bit of pickled pork, some nice French beans, and a damson tart, as that gal was no more capable of lookin' arter than flyin'.

I certainly was savage when I see that fellow as soon as he'd got the money run down the place and turn round for to put his fingers to his nose, as the gal told me, 'as met him with fetchin' the tart, as he called me a old cow, and that most of his glass was fragments a-ready made for the purpose.

When Brown come in he only laughs and calls me Old Greenhorns, as said it is one of the oldest tricks out with them glazier chaps, as goes and breaks the winders with their own hands over night reg'lar, as ain't glaziers at all.

But glad I was to see it come home to him, for it was only last Sunday as BROWN read it out to me from the papers, as the same wagabond, no doubt, had been a-tryin' it on with a party up in Finsbury,

as is a monk thro' bein' close to the Catholic chapel, as has a many on them about, and if that monk and his good lady didn't up and kick him out of the house, as I was glad on, and only hopes as it may be a warnin' to him, as is sure to come to a bad end.

A audacious falsehood as he is, tho' a light character he must be, for MRS. YARDLEY hadn't as much as a bruise, tho' there's no tellin' what a shock may do a-takin' of you sudden in comin' up steps, as is a thing I never could a-bear thro' bein' frightful dangerous in a frost, as well I knows to my cost thro' once a rollin' from the top to the bottom of twelve one New Year's Day evenin', the list on my shoes and cinders throw'd down on; but I am glad as the magistracy wouldn't give that fellow no satisfaction, and said as the monk was perfect right in kickin' him out as I wish I'd a done, a reg'lar bad lot as put in the glass shameful, and as green as grass with a seam in it, as makes everythin' look crooked outside. But law, if it ain't one thing it's another, and really there's no tellin' a thief from an honest man now-a-days, as is a thing as I don't hold with.



Mrs. Brown at Margate.

---

**Y**OU may well say I must be glad to be home again. I'm sure I never should have come down only BROWN worried so, and said as the sea air 'd freshen me up a bit, as is good for every one; not as I wanted it, for home is my natural elephant as I likes to stop in.

But we come by the boat all reg'lar from Black-wall pier, as is a noble sight them docks, as puzzles me, for however they gets them wessels in is a wonder, and as to getting them out I should say it must be done piecemeal, as the sayin' is. And lovely weather, tho' the sun was sweltry, and looked to me as if it was a-drawin' up rain, as is its nature, and I must say as it were very agreeable, and met a many parties, as made theirselves that pleasant till overtook by the waves, as gives a dreadful qualm.

Just about the Nore is where you first feels it, not as I suffered anything to speak on, as I owes to takin' nothin' but a few sandwiches and a little cold without, constant; but them parties as dined hearty on sucking pig, and biled mutton with caper's sauce, and damson pie, was upset dreadful, which bottle porter will do, as it stands to reason must set everything of a work thro' bein' a constant fomentation itself.

Certainly that oshun wave is wonderful a-dashin' up like soap-suds as I stood and watched myself that

very evenin' as we arrived in the moonlight, as was crowded to suffocation, and if MRS. YARDLEY hadn't got us a bed we might have been reduced to bathing-machines, not as I can say much for the bed, as were a tent, and rickety with the sackin' a givin' way as soon as I was in, and BROWN forced for to draw it up afore ever we could get a night's rest; but I was thankful as it wasn't no wuss, for I've had bed-fellows as wouldn't let me rest, as I do think would find me out anywheres, as is my horrors of them lodgin's, for you'll never make me believe as they're not to be got rid on thro' strict cleanliness, as is not to be looked for in a sea-side lodgin'.

But if there wasn't one insect there was another, for the gnats, or somethin', had took to my right eye and reg'lar bunged it up, as wasn't no pain, but a dreadful eyesore.

Certainly I did enjoy my breakfast, as was relishin' thro' the shrimps, and MRS. YARDLEY one as knows good livin'. But of all the things as ever I did see in my life it was the bathin', as is the grand sight of the mornin', it give me that turn as I was obligated for to set down, and couldn't keep my eyes off for wonderin' at 'em.

However such things is tolerated in a Cristian country I don't know, as reminded me of a picter I've seen of them savages a-runnin' into the water for to murder CAPTAIN COOK, as hadn't no business there in my opinion; but to see full-grown Englishmen a-forgettin' of all decency is a thing as I don't hold with.

I says, "BROWN, you don't mean to tell me as it's right and proper." He says as he supposes as parties likes it, or else they wouldn't be a-settin' there a-lookin' on.

I says, "Likes it, indeed, then, they did ought to be ashamed of theirselves, and you may talk to me about missionaries to savages, it's a pity as they don't come

here, not as I holds with their rubbish ; but if I'd my way I'd just send out the police in a boat with some good stout cart-whips, and soon make them counter-skippers jump into their clothes like disgustin' beasts as they are.

But, law bless you, I do believe as there's somethin' in the sea air as makes parties forget themselves wonderful, for they all lives with the winders open, and not a bit of blind, as may be all very well on a uninhabitable island, as Margate used to be, as I went to see the caverns as they hid themselves in, as struck that cold to me that I was glad to get out on, and have a little somethin' hot for to take off the chill.

It certainly is wonderful to see the crowds as is on that pier, just for all the world like cattle in a pen, and flaunty-lookin' gals that bold in their hats, and their hair all dishovelled thro' hangin' out to dry after bathin', and a parcel of 'young chaps a-danglin' after 'em, as is a gigglin' set of idjots as don't suit me.

So MRS. YARDLEY and me was a-settin' on the end, a-waitin' for the boat as come in there, as YARDLEY were expected by, and there was a elderly party as had got a telyscope, as he was a-makin' very free with.

He says to me quite civil, "It's very wonderful." I says, "Oh, indeed!" not a knowin' what he was a-talkin' about.

He says, "They must be millions of miles in size." I says, "It can't be," a-thinkin' he was a-talkin' about the Goodwin Sands, as I've heard say was swallowed up in a single night, and is quicksands to this very hour.

He says, "It's my opinion as we must hear more about 'em."

Well, I was a beginnin' to think as he was p'raps a 'armless mumbecile, when he says to me, "*Would you like to have a look?*"

"What at?" says I. "Why," says he, "the spots in the sun, as my glass shows quite plain."

So I says, "With pleasure," and he holds the glass to me, as I never could see thro' in my life; but just to please him I says, "Wonderful," as makes him laugh, and he says, "That's a good un. Why you've got both your shut."

"Well," I says, "ain't that the way for to look thro' them things?" Well 'he took ever so much trouble but law, I couldn't see nothing but every now and then a round flash as came over the glass all black in the middle.

MRS. YARDLEY, as has had a boardin'-school education, she saw it all wonderful, and talked to the old gentleman, as was a observatory like the one in Greenwich Park, as I've seen them old pensioners a-showin' myself. But law, I don't hold with any of their rubbish about the sun, nor the moon neither, as they goes a-watchin' thro' them glasses, but can't get near, nor find out nothin' about.

As to that old gentleman a-standin' me out as he know'd them spots to be holes as was thousands o' miles long. I says, "Go on with your rubbish, however can you measure 'em?" as said it was a burnin' mask, as I knowed afore he told me, as any one can feel for theirselves.

So jest then the boat come in, and there was YARDLEY, as is good company, and one to live, a-bringin' down nice things and all manner, not as there is no lack of nothin' in Margate, and a pleasant tea we had, and went arterwards to the Assembly Rooms, where I've heard my dear mother say the fust in the land did use to dance, as come down reg'lar in the hoys, as was boats afore steam was know'd about, and couldn't bring them numbers as comes a-rushin' in like the waves, as the sayin' is.

Certainly they did dance delightful tho' crowded,



not as I cared much about it, for parties came a-gallop in' about the place, and give me such drives as throwed me down on to the laps of them as had got seats as I was a droppin' for, and made them rude in their remarks, a-sayin' "fall easy," and like that, and two parties seemed for to follow me up like a-bumpin' agin me, till at last I watches 'em a-comin', and give 'em a shove as sent 'em over.

Well, there was a pretty how d'ye do. Up come a chap as called hisself master of the ceremonies a-talkin' to me.

So I says, "I don't want none of your ceremonies, as I ain't one for to stand on none; but," I says, "if parties makes too free with me they know what they'll get, that's all."

Just then YARDLEY he come up and says, "You and me'll have a dance together," and afore as I could hardly think if he wasn't a-jumpin' me round the waist, as made parties roar, and I was that put out, but law, YARDLEY is such a one with his larks as you can't be angry, and didn't go too far, as is the way with some, but only just to the refreshments, where he got me a tumbler of hot port-wine negus, with lemon and nutmeg, as did me a world of good. Then we went home to supper, as is a meal I always look to, and as to the sea air why you can be eatin' for ever and not feel it, as must be ruin to a family as I should say.

As to sleepin' I was no sooner in bed than asleep, and certainly no wonder parties like the sea-side, for it is a life, as the only pity is it can't last for ever, as p'raps we shouldn't enjoy it as much if it did, tho' for my part I likes to enjoy myself, and none of your grizzlin' and grievin' for me, as'll bring you to your grave afore your time; but for my part I do think, if it's ever so 'umble, there's no place like home, as the sayin' is.

Mrs. Brown on the Move.

**I**'M sure truer words was never spoke than as three moves is as bad as a fire, as the sayin' is, for rack and ruin is the word, as well I can prove by the wan-load as come in fragments, and of all the down-pourin' rain as I know'd it would be thro' the moon a-changin' on a Friday, as I've knowed it do often myself, with a wet Monday consequently as sure as ever it was my month's wash.

As to movin', it's a thing as I don't hold with, as has had my share, and bad enough when only a few streets; but all the way from Stepney to South Lambeth, as I holds to be the North Pole for farness, as is a day's journey, as the sayin' is, for I had a cousin as lived in Kennington Oval, as used to take me till dusk to get home again, tho' never stoppin' for a cup of tea. But BROWN he says move he must, and that's the nearest where he could find a place with a bit of garden, as his heart is set on thro' bein' that passionate over flowers. Not as ever I fancied the house with a range as there wasn't no doin' nothin' with, and the oven as wouldn't hold a cheese plate, with a biler as didn't supply itself, and not a bit of copper not if it was to save your life.

As to the garden, I see nothin' in it, as no more there weren't, thro' its bein' new made, with brokered crockery on the walks, and the house a-smellin' mortary thro' its bein' all fresh cementary work.

Certainly the parlors is noble rooms with folding doors, and picked out with pink paint and marble mantel-pieces, not as I hold with them French windows with shutters only a fastenin' half-a-way up, and a draught under enough for to cut your feet off; and a-makin' of the front kitchen a parlor is all very well, but don't seem nat'ral, as is on the ground after all, and if them two cupboards ain't damp my name's not BROWN, that's all.

Of all the days as ever you see it was that Wednesday—as I will move on, thro' gettin' settled by Saturday night, but, law bless you, settled, why, we shan't never be, for as to gettin' things done unless you do 'em yourself it's heart-breakin', and to see the way as I packed them things, tho' as to MRS. CHALLIN, she's a born fool to go and put them flat irons and two brass candlesticks in along with my tea service, as can't be matched not for the QUEEN herself, as I valued nat'ral thro' bein' my own dear mother's, as is one I never had a angry word with, except that time as I knocked the spout off the teapot thro' a-fillin' it from the kettle contrary to her wishes, and could have cried my eyes out when I see it all come out piecemeal, as the sayin' is.

As to Mr. Pocock, as moved us he's a false man, as I'd a told him to his face only BROWN interferred, as is a party I can't a-bear thro' a-marryin' two sisters afore the first was hardly cold in her grave, as brought on words atween us, thro' me a sayin' she wasn't his lawful wife, as made BROWN that wild with me, a-tellin' me to mind my own business.

Of all the wans as ever you see, eighteenpence an 'our, why I'd have drawed myself nearly as well as them rats of horses. I got 'em started off by ten o'clock, BROWN and me up before five, everything nearly ready over night, when just as the milk come round atween seven and eight it begun for to drizzle,

as I says foretels a wet day, tho' the milkman he thought different, a-sayin', "Rain afore seven, lift afore eleven;" as I says, "It's gone seven, as breaks the charm," as the sayin' is.

I'm sure I never knowed no peace till I was off myself in a cab, that full as the door wouldn't shut, and that cat a-strugglin' like wild in my arms, just for all the world like a Christian took anywhere agin his will.

Of all the rides as ever I had it certainly was the joltingest, and kep' a-throwin' me violent forward, and then a-checkin' me back like, thro' the horse a-actin that contrary, and the abuse of that cabman was enough to make a worm turn as is trod on. So I up and give him a bit of my mind, and says, "If you ain't got your rights there's a summons open to you, as I can face any day; but," I says, "I'll have the law of you thro' not a-givin' me a ticket, as is a mean action in my opinion, as I wouldn't stoop to." But law, he up and forgot hisself that dreadful that I don't know what he wouldn't have done only Brown come in, as made him step it pretty quick, a willin as would have took a mean advantage of a lady, the same as that one did as I once give half-a-crown to, a-waitin' for change, when he jumps on his box quite sudden, and with a rude gesture, said as he'd carry me for nothin' next time.

I thought I should have gone wild a-waitin' hour after hour for them goods, with nothin' for to set on but a odd tressel, with a bit of bread and cheese, as Brown got me, tho' certainly the beer was relishin'.

It was quite dusk when the goods came, and when I see my beddin' all exposed thro' the tarpaulin' being blowed aside with the wind and rain a-blowin' violent, I could have cried my eyes out, and it's a mercy as I'd had some coals in, as is lucky with salt for to bring first into a house. So the fires was a-burnin' bright,

and of all the beastly drinkin' wretches it was them fellows with the wans, as stifled me out with their rum, as they was reg'lar reekin' with all over the place, and a-fallin' up the stairs with the bannisters knocked out with their violent ways, a-bangin' things about as if they were cast-iron and had been and broke my lookin'-glass, as will bring no luck for seven years.

As to gettin' our bed up that wasn't possible, for BROWN he reg'lar lost his temper, and went off in a huff, a-sayin' as I'd managed bad, and there was me and MRS. CHALLIN a-slavin' for to dry that beddin' as was a-steamin' like mad. I do think as that woman was born into the world for to be my bugbear, for tho' well-meanin', she is the most aggravatingest party, thro' bein' that foolish in her actions, a-pilin' up wood and coals like a furnace, a-sayin' as the chimblly must be all right thro' bein' quite uninhabited except the policeman and his wife as had lived in the front room, as kep' a smokin' in volumes, as the sayin' is.

Well, I was that busy in the bedroom, a-seein' how I could contrive that bed, thro' not a-holdin' with a-sleepin' on the floor, as is apt for to settle on the eyes thro' draughts under the door, as is not to be kept out, when I hears a-hollarin' and a-knockin' violent, as I thought was them wan-men come back, as I would not settle with, thro' a-seein' as they was far gone in liquor. So I says, "Let 'em knock, as will pr'aps attract the police," when I hears a-rattlin' and a-shoutin' "Fire."

Well, I runs to the window, and there I sees such a mob a-shoutin'. So I throws up the sash and says, "Whatever is it?" Says the police, "It's the engines, as ragin' flames is a-comin' out at the chimblly-pot," as I could hear a-roarin' like a lion.

It give me such a dreadful turn that I staggers all over the place, and it's a mercy as it was the beddin' *I pitched on to* or I might have done for myself.

It was ever so long afore I could get up, and go down, and found the place full of firemen and police, as I says, "Keep out the mob, or I shan't have a thing left in the place," as was a deluge for water a'swillin' all about, and it's lucky as I had got the beddin' up-stairs afore the fire broke out, or I do believe it would have been washed away, as I nearly was myself afore the fire was got under.

And what do you think was its cause? Why, if that policeman and his wife hadn't been and stuffed a bundle of shavin's up that chimbley, as I should say the down draught would have done 'em good, as five was a-sleepin' in the room; but it's well as it was found out as it were, or we might have been burnt in our beds.

If you'd heard BROWN when he come in a-seein' me that grimed as he busted out a-laughin', as set Mrs. CHALLIN off, as tho' hard of hearin' could join in laughter, as she did in my opinion thro' bein' overtook in liquor, for if she didn't then begin a-weepin', and a-sayin' as she must go home to her husband, as is a wooden-leg cobbler, and brought home frequent in a frightful state, as she can only keep in by hidin' away his leg with them drinkin' fits on him.

Well, what with her howls and BROWN's goin'-on, I was that drove wild that if my spasms didn't come on, as bends me double, and there I was a-settin' on my feather-bed a howlin' like a ram's horn, and if it hadn't been for a widder lady as lived next door, and is the landlady a-comin' in, I don't think as I should have lived the night out. All as they could do with hot bricks perpetual and brandy and peppermint took medicinal, didn't bring me round till past one o'clock, as made BROWN bestir hisself for to get the bed up, and if it hadn't been as JANE come over the next day for to help me, as I packed Mrs. CHALLIN off the first thing in the mornin', I dont believe as ever I should


have got the place right any more, and as to the cat she took it that to heart as never to be heard on no more.

All I've got to say is that I'd rather stop in a old house till it fell about your ears, as the sayin' is, than move to a palace, where the carpets won't fit, and everythin' seems topsy-turvy, and nothin' don't seem to be suitable. I'm sure as the cold I caught and the things I lost and got spoilt in that movin' was enough for to make a saint forget hisself, that it was.



Mrs. Brown on the County Court.

---

F all the awdacious swindles as ever I know'd it's the wust, and as for law and justice why they're downright humbug, as the sayin' is, for whatever is the use of a-goin' to law, as is only made for to protect them thieves.

As to that old McDawdler, why if hangin' ain't too good for him my name ain't MARTHA, for to come here a-cantin' and a-crawlin' and a-sayin' as he wasn't one for to overcharge nor over-reach thro' a-bein' constant at his chapel, as I says to him, "You'd better prove by your actions than all your talk about thro' bein' a deacon, like one as I know'd as was tried at the Old Bailey hisself, and got fifteen year for forgerin', and serve him right, as wronged the widder and the orphan thro' his cantin' ways, as is the large chapel down close to where I lived in the Commercial-road, as you might hear the singin' clear of a summer evenin' a-settin' in my back garden, as is no doubt good sort of people, with the minister that fat as to make you think as it was easy times with him. tho a large family, as was well brought up I should say, except the boys, as was that wild, and I've heard say got out of a night through the washus window a-goin' to plays and music halls after prayers, as is very proper things in their places, not as I hold with crammin' too much down young people's throats, as is apt for



to act deceitful, and all three come to the bad, as broke the poor mother's heart, as some say did used to encourage them boys on the sly unbeknown to the minister, as is a thing as will come home to every mother as does it."

I'm sure when I see that old wagabone's bill, as were a yard long, I couldn't make nothin' on it till BROWN come in, as says he were a old Scotch cobbler, which if I'd a-know'd I wouldn't have had nothin' to do with him, for I can't a-bear them Scotch thro' not a-holdin' with foreigners of no persuasions, as is all alike, palaver to your face and serpints all the while twistin' round your wery witals as I've read about myself.

I'm sure there's no more to show for that twelve pounds, as I says to the judge, I says, "My lord," I says, "if you will but step down to my place," I says, "and judge for yourself as the work is disgraceful, and nothin' finished, and as to that washus shetter, why it's a downright defacement to the back premises, as is laid down in flags, with sixteen shillin's for paintin' that waterbut, as runs disgraceful, a-keepin' the place a constant flood, and not able to cross without pattens."

But I know'd how it would be when he come in that evenin', decided a little on, a-smilin' treacherous just like them Scotch, and BROWN a-losin' of his temper and a-sayin' as he'd precious soon kick him out, as is hurtful to the feelin's, as I should not like myself; not as he did ought for to have summoned me like that, as BROWN says, "Pay the old thief." But I says, "No," I says, "I give the orders, and will see 'em righted if I dies for it," as I nearly did, for of all the stiflin' places as ever I was in it was that court.

When I sees that 'oary-'eaded old sinner a-standin' there a-swearin' them falsehoods, it give me that turn that I couldn't keep my temper. So I says to the *party* as were a-conductin' my case, as he called it, I

says, "Excuse me, MR. OPKINS," as were his name thro' bein' a lawyer, as they called a turney, as I says to the young man at the court, as says, "Where's your turney?" I says, "Whatever do you mean?" thro' never hearin' tell of them afore, as was only a lawyer after all, but that's the wust of them places, they do talk that rubbish a-purpose for to take you in, I believe. Well, as I was a-sayin', I says to MR. OPKINS, I says, "Excuse me, but that party is a mask of falsehood and deceits, as did ought to be put in the pillery," as well I remembers seein' a indiwdiddle exposed myself, as was hooted and pelted that dreadful, as served him right, not as I remembers what he'd done, but no doubt he was'nt put there for his good behaviour.

As to that judge, it's my opinion as he wanted for to get home to his tea, for of all the hurry and skurry as he kep' on a-makin' seemed for to confuse everybody, and hearin' of different parties as kep' a-talkin', and as to that laundress havin' to replace them things, I calls it shameful, as she produced the little boy's nightgownd in court as yaller as a guinea, and tore down the front, as I know they will do with their pranks, and says as all the linen was like that as she'd had cut from the back of the cart, as certainly was her own carelessness, but not worth a pound as they put it at, with a sick husband, and to have to pay it weekly presses hard when Saturday comes.

I see as that judge were a temper thro' havin' of red whiskers, as is in general a sign as you can tell, specially where it spreads to the nose, and the way he spoke to every one it was downright disgraceful, and even a-tellin' old McDAWDLER for to speak quick, as is impossible thro' that Scotch bein' that drawlin' stuff.

As to me, bless you, he snapped my nose off every time, as tried for to get in a word edgeways, as the sayin' is.

What aggrawated me most was my lawyer as set there quiet, and wouldn't tell that old willin as he was a perjed ippercrit, as I kep' a-nudgin' him for to do.

Well, if this here old Scotch thief didn't up and swear as I'd give him orders for a new safe, whereas all as I said was, "MR. McDAWDLER," a-treatin' him respectful, "If you was to put in new zinc sides to the old one, and put it on four legs," thro' it bein' one for to hang up, as I hadn't no place for, "with a new shelf inside and the bottom repaired, and painted fresh all over, why, it would do very well."

But when I come to see the bill I was struck dumb; and well I remember the time as I give him the order, thro' it's bein' a Toosday and pourin' with rain, and thro' a-seein' him that damp offers him a little sperrits thro' his bein' elderly, as the cold might strike to, and for to turn on me like that, a-sayin' afore the judge and all as I was a-settin' alone a-doin' of my drains, as made 'em all laugh, and put me up as I couldn't contain myself, as the sayin' is.

So I ups and says, "My lord." "Set down," says he.

"I won't," says I, "for I've got a character," I says, "like your own for to lose, and I ain't a-goin' to have my life swore away by that willanous old swindler." "Hold your tongue," says my lawyer.

"What," I says, "you turn agin me as I'm payin' out of my own pocket!" "Turn that old woman out," says the judge, a-forgettin' hisself gross as roused me up like a lion in King DANIEL's den.

So I says, "You're a wile set of swindlin' thieves," I says, "as is all of a piece. But," I says, "do your wust, and I've got friends as will show you up." "Come out," says a party.

"Who are you a-talkin' to?" says I. "I'll pretty soon show you," says he; and if he didn't bring in a *policeman*.

So I says, "My lord," I says, "I'm a lady as is not used to be so treated." I says, "If I've hurt your feelin's," I says, a-bendin' like to him, when, law bless you, I was seized like tigers behind, and tore wiolent out of the place.

It was all done in a minute like, and out comes that lawyer chap a-scowlin' and says, "It's give agin you, as was your own fault thro' a-behavin' like that."

"Like what?" says I. "Why, he says, "insultin' the judge, as it's well for you as it ain't the one as is here in general, or he'd a committed you."

I says, "I should like to have seen him dare commit anything of the sort;" and if his expenses wasn't over a pound, and really I was more dead than alive, as the sayin' is, and it's lucky as I didn't get robbed, for the place was filled with them low-lived characters as I can't a-bear to be among.

What put me out was that lawyer's impudence as told me that it was my own fault as the case was lost, a-sayin' as if I'd kep' quiet and spoke proper, as somethin' would have been took off the bill, as I don't believe a word on, for I see as the judge were a-wotin' for old McDAWDLER all the time, thro' bein' Scotch hisself, as, I was told arterwards, will always stick together, and what one says the other'll swear to, as can't be right.

As I told old McDAWDLER, I says, for I met him as he was a-comin' out of that court a-grinnin' like a Cheshire cat, as the sayin' is, I says, "Ill-gotten gains blows nobody any good, and," I says, "you mark my words, if my money don't bring you sorrow by the ladlefull."

Little did I think as it was so soon to come true, not as I wished him any harm, not in my heart, only felt that wexed at bein' so done, and never should a-thought as he'd a-left the glue-pot a-bilin' in his workshop, as is gross carelessness, with the place

that full of shavin's as burn't in course like tinder, and his little grandchild nearly a-perishin' in the flames, and him at his club, with his wife a-havin' a talk with a neighbour when the flames busted out all over the place.

So you never don't ketch me a-propheysin' no misfortunes to nobody no more, as might have fell on a innocent head, as was rescued by the fireman a-hearin' of its screams, tho' as to that old McDawdler, they do say as he set the place a-fire hisself, as the parties where he was insured could a-proved in court, as he never dared to show his face thro' them judges a-knowin' no doubt, thro' the way he'd served me, as he was one as would swear anything, and went round for a subscription, a-sayin' as he'd lost all his tools, as I'm sure was perfect useless, for of all the botchers as ever you see. But Brown he says as it's all my fault a-follerin' the man about a-orderin' things, and I'm sure if you don't stand over them nothin' ain't done; so whatever are you to do? for if they don't rob you one way they will another.



Mrs. Brown on Guy Fawkes.

---

**I**'M sure it's a wonder as I'm alive to tell the tale, that it is, and I do think as to MRS. GIDDINS she must have a charmed life, as the sayin' is, as a cat's is nothin' to, for I see her a mask of flames myself a screamin' in her pattens with them things a blazin' all around, and if it hadn't been as I throw'd a pail of hot suds all over her, ashes she must have been. And to think as it was all thro' them boys a-darin' for to make a bonfire in that field at the back as MR. WALKER encouraged 'em in, thro' keepin' of a school with a tar barrel rolled all along the road by them roughs, as it's a mercy no horses wasn't frightened, as well I remember 'appened in the Bow-road one time as was nearly my death, thro' the fright as I got a-meetin' them boys with those masks and lettin' off a cracker lighted under me, and never left my room again till our Lucy was six weeks old. But it so fell out as it come on a Sunday and was kep' of a Monday, as is ridiculous altogether, as I says to MR. WALKER as keeps the school, as called about the accident. I says, "Whatever is the use of teachin' a lot of boys for to insult other parties as tho' Irish is their elders and I'm sure as their feelin's like flesh and blood." "Oh," says he, "down with the Pope."

I says, "certingly if he have done what is wrong as can be proved, let him be punished, but not," I says,

"with squibs and crackers, a-frightenin' parties to death and don't do him no harm, a-livin' over there. But," I says, "the Pope wont pay me for them things as is consumed," I says, "and you must."

Well he up and talked a-deal of rubbish, a-sayin' as I didn't ought to have washed on the fifth of November, as I says, "Excuse me it were the sixth, and I'm not a-goin' for to go beyond a month for all your Guy Foxes as ever lived, but," I says, "the way as they're hunted down after death is disgraceful." He says, "It's a glorious anadversity."

I says, "That's what might happen to any one, and didn't ought to be throwed in their teeth," as that cracker was in mine just a-openin' of the garden door for to tell them boys to be careful how they throwed their squibs about my linen, as they kep' a-lettin' 'em off long afore it was dark. I says, "Mrs. GIDDINS, p'raps it will be as well for to have that large sheet in," I says, "and dry it by the fire, as the clothes-horse will bear."

So she steps out for to get it and gethers it up in her arms, when if a squib didn't come, full but, on to her, sheet and all, she unawares thro' being partly covered in it. I opens the washus door for her, and there she was like a fiery apparition, and but for the coppe. bein' that handy I never should have put her out in this world, and it's a mercy as the water was not a-bilin' or I should have scalded her to death a-tryin' to save her from a fiery grave, as the sayin' is; and as it was her cap was burnt to her head, and her eyebrows that scarified as I didn't hardly know her.

As luck would have it BROWN had just come in, and hearin' the noise opened the washus door just as my cap took fire, as he very nigh strangled me a-tearin' off, and throwed with my hair and all, bang into the wash tub, as will never curl up no more to look decent

Of all the agony as ever I felt it was MRS. GIDDINS a-standin' with all her weight on my foot with her pattens on, as I thought she'd cut clean in half, thro' givin' a stamp that violent in her terrors as was nat'ral in fire, as I'm sure I feel myself, and even dumb cre'ters can't face, as well I remembers all the horses bein' burnt in the brewery at Stratford, as their screams was heart rendering as nothing wouldn't induce for to face the flames thro' a-smellin' it even with their heads in sacks; and the engines a-playin' all the time, tho' I'm sure one of them streams of water would be as bad to me as the fire, thro' a-comin' with that force for to knock any one down, as happened to a aunt of mine a-passin' down thro' Westminster when they was only a-practisin' and not meanin' no harm, but she come sudden round the corner for to get it right in her chest as rolled her over and over with her ankle sprained and her elbow put out, as walked lame to her dyin' day.

As to them fire escapes they certainly are wonderful, tho' for my part I'd as soon slide down a factory chimbley as they looks like, tho' I've heard say as the firemen is wonderful a-grapplin' with you at the bottom, as saved old MR. ARDIN as kep' the "Risin' Sun" with a clump foot, as was a hard drinkin' man, and the cause of the fire thro' a-puttin' the candle under the bed; and must have perished with the door locked but for them firemen as bust into the window and a-graspin' on him by his clump as he'd gone to bed in unawares, and pitched him head-first down thro' the escape, and was saved at the bottom by the man as was a-waitin' for him in a leather bucket of cold water, as cured his drinkin' for he put his other hip out and was a helpless cripple, and MRS. ARDIN nussed him, and never would allow him more than three glasses of sperrits and water of a night to his dyin' day, and being retired from the public line, as



that fire took 'em out of, he didn't get the chance on, tho' never in my opinion a-payin' business thro' old ARDIN havin' lots a-friends as stepped in for to take a drain, as the sayin' is; and being insured heavy come out with a independence, and her a-havin' a-somethin' of her own.

If you'd seen my garden the next morning and the field as them boys had had their fireworks in, you'd have said as there'd been a fiery snow storm, and the grass all burnt in a black ring where the bonfire was. I never slept a wink all night for thinking as fire might break out, and BROWN had burnt his hand with my cap, as raw potato scraped give him ease.

Poor MRS. GIDDINS, she went home more dead nor alive, tho' she did have her supper and a good allowance hot for to keep up her spirits as had received a great shock, but she come the next day all right, and BROWN's burn wasn't much, so we had reason to be thankful except for the sheet as was cinders and a large hole in the counterpane as is my best, things as I did ought to have had washed up before, only thro' moving was throwed out everyway.

But when that schoolmaster come in, as is a white-faced soapy-looking chap in a white stock, as I'm told is a tyrant to the boys, and says as he wishes to act becomin' a Christian, tho' accidents will 'appen in the best of families, as is a excuse I've heard give for goings on as I don't hold with, I says to him, I says. "Them boys of yourn did it a purpose for to aggrawate me, for I spoke to 'em over the wall twice a-landin' on them short steps as I hangs out with, and one on 'em shied a empty squib at me and encouraged the others for to call me a reglar old guy, and certainly I did forget as I had my night-cap on with a handkercher tied over it, as was the reason of their jeers."

What I do not hold with is that schoolmaster's ways, *as is mean*, for I will make him pay MRS. GIDDINS for *the fright if I gets nothin' for that sheet.*

He come a deal of palaver as don't go down with me nor BROWN neither, for he was come in first afore the schoolmaster and pretty soon settled his rubbish about the Pope, for he says, "You leave him alone and he won't interfere with you." Says the schoolmaster, "He will."

I says "Go on with your rubbish; however can he?" "Why," he says, "he'll undermine the constitution."

"Well," I says, "you don't look delicate, but if you was to ask my opinion you only wants plenty of exercise for to keep you in health, and not to eat too much,"—havin' heard say thro' Mrs. GIDDINS, as he was a hog to eat, and special them hot suppers when the boys was a-bed, and a-sendin' the husher in bread-and-cheese to the schoolroom.

Well he talked a good deal of rubbish, and at last he pulls out a couple of shillin's and says, "I think this will be quite sufficient for the washerwoman," and he says, "anything in reason I'll pay for your linen, my good woman."

So I says "My good man, you'll please for to pay five-and-twenty shillin's for my quilt as is as good as new, and the first time of washin' as cost thirty, and that large linen sheet fifteen shillin's won't replace as I can prove to you by the fellow as is down stairs, and half a yard shorter thro' bein' the bottom one." "Well then," he says, "p'raps I'd better speak to my solicitor."

I says, "Speak to any one you pleases, but I tell you what it is, if you give me any of your airs and rubbish I'll pretty soon summons your boys for lettin' off fireworks in the public ways, and," I says, "two shillin's for that poor woman, as would hardly replace her cap, let alone the fright won't never do."

So out he walks, very grand and protrudin' all down the steps without sayin' good evenin'; but his

good lady come in early next day and made it all square as the sayin' is, being a party as is sharp, tho' I soon found out as they was going to make the boys pay for the damage out of their weekly pocket money, as is a mean action, but jest like them schoolmasters, as I've knowed myself charge seven shillin's for shoe strings.

But all I've got to say is as no doubt Guy Fox was very wrong in tryin' for to let them fireworks off under Parliament, and as to his blowin' up the royal family, why it's out of all reason. But why other parties should be set in flames every year in remembrance on him I can't think, as was a good-for-nothin' wagabone as the sooner he's forgot the better.



Mrs. Brown on Furnishing.

---

**F** says, "Brown, do as you please," for knowin' what a worret he is, and one of those peculent dispositions, I thought it was as well as he should go hisself, and so he did; but when he come home and said as he'd gone in for a rosewood sweet at twenty-two guineas, all I says was "Rubbish!"

And true my words was proved as ever the sun set upon, for of all the things as that Tottingem-court-road can produce I never see the like.

When they was brought in, my heart misgive me for them men's feet, as I know'd must be filthy. So I says, "Bring 'em as far as the parlour-door, for bein' on castors me and SARAH can wheel 'em in easy." So we did, but, law bless you, them white cheney castors was that brittle as to crumble like ashes on the lips, as the sayin' is.

So I says to the young man, I says, "Them castors must be took off and proper ones put," as promised me faithful should be done the next day followin', as it's now more than a fortnight, and me never to set a eye on, as is a young man that conspicuous with coal-black whiskers and a squint as made your eyes water for to look at.

Well we got the things in, as looked very well on my new carpet, as covers both rooms thro' bein' a

large pattern of roses in bunches, with rugs of a Newfoundland and a sleepin' lion, as is BROWN's taste; not as I held with furniture thro' its bein' green, as is a unlucky colour, for well I remembers MRS. WHITESIDE, as lived near Horselydown, a-havin' on it and her husband thro' the court in no time, and obliged for to go back to her father, as was a bed-ridden man with twins.

BROWN he would have green, and if he didn't go and buy curtains with yellow fringe, as was a different shade from the furniture, as was covered in rip, and rip it proved, for I never see such stuff to tear, and them is rips as sells it.

Certainly they was beautiful chimley-glasses, as come to ten guineas thro' takin' a pair, and the young man put up the front room one, a-takin' off his shoes, as proved he'd a tidy wife, for I never see stockings more darned nor neater, but thro' not havin' long nails wasn't able for to fix the back room as he stood agin the wall, and just as things was pretty straight who should come in but MRS. BRODLINS, as is own sister to MRS. YARDLEY, and her figure all over thro' them a-takin' after the mother's side as was that lusty as brought on palpitations, as took her sudden, as the sayin' is.

Glad I was to see her, for I don't believe there is a fairer-hearted woman out as would give you her last crust, which some begrudges. So I says, "Take a settin', MRS. BRODLINS, mum, on my new sofy, as nobody ain't more welcome."

Down she sets, and I heard a crunch like, as was the back leg give way, up goes her 'eels, down goes her 'ead with a hollar crash. I goes for to save her, and if she didn't pull me right on to her, as was more than that sofy could bear up agin, and away it went back'ards altogether, and I do believe as we should *be in that corner* to this very hour if SARAH hadn't

called back the men as had brought the things, as managed to pull us up.

Certainly I don't see as there was anythink to laugh at, as I told SARAH pretty plain, and them men to, as was a-makin' free in their remarks about 'eavy weights.

As to them easy chairs, they was a mockery, as gave way with BROWN the second time as ever he set on it, and one of them six drawin'-room chairs, as was very bowed about the legs, I was a-settin' on it givin' of SARAH a character to a lady, as is goin' to better herself, as I don't see it myself with nine in family, and all the washin' done at home. I was a-sayin' as she was a willin' gal to that lady, tho' required lookin' after, when with no more warnin' than nothin' if that chair didn't fly to bits like splinter bars under me; there wasn't a bit bigger than my hand, and as to stuffed with horsehair, why it was haybands, as no doubt is the case all round.

BROWN he says to me, "You're always a-growlin' and a-howlin'," as if castors was trifles as come off everything. So he brings some home for to put 'em on hisself, but, law bless you, the wood wouldn't hold the screws as he got, so he had for to take 'em all off, as has made that sofy scrape my carpet raw.

BROWN he wouldn't hear a word agin the things, and had the man in for to mend the leg of the sofy, as he said wasn't never intended for to bear two hipplepotumuses, illudin', in course, to MRS. BRODLINS and me, as brought on words thro' me a-sayin' as it wasn't a epitaph for to apply to a lady.

And glad I was for to see it come home to him thro' his own aunt, as is a elderly party, and that 'ard of 'earin' as she says thro' a-sleepin' with a crack of the window open as come close agin her tester; but I say rubbish, for it's my opinion as seventy-eight is about the size on it, as she must be if she's a hour thro' my own dear mother bein' only two

years' difference, as never see but three-score and six.

Well, the old lady she'd come to tea, and precious cranky too, and made remarks about the 'ouse as I didn't care for. So I says, "MRS. CARDING, mum, is your tea agreeable?" but law, I might as well a-spoke to Aldgate Pump, for she only says, "It must be gone six," which it were not, and her temper ruffled thro' me not a-teain' at five punctual, as I should have done if the gal, thro' bein' a stranger, hadn't forgot the kittle.

Well, the old lady she'd got her mouth full of muffins, a-goin' to take a cup of tea, when a somethin' give way in that sofy, and shot her up like a cork from a bottle. I never see such a thing. If I didn't think she'd gone sudden mad when I see the cup and saucer fly up, and her give a jump ever so high, a-sendin' the tea all over the place, and her a-gulpin' at that muffin as wouldn't go up nor down.

Cough, I believe she did cough, till I thought as strangulation was to be her end; and when she drawed her breath agin she did set to and abuse everything, and made BROWN cut the sofy open to prove as it wasn't no trick as we'd been and played, as was proved thro' it's bein' a spring as had got broke, thro' that SARAH, I do believe, a-standin' on that sofy for to pull back the curtain, as got hitched the very day before as she was a-cleanin' up afore leavin', as was always too flyaway a gal for me.

It was well as we proved to the old lady as it was the works as had give way, or I don't believe as she'd ever have spoke to us agin, for she thought as it was fireworks under her, as has a pretty income. Not as I cares for her money, tho' she can't take it with her, and not a soul but BROWN for to leave it to. But she *come round* agin with a drop of something in her tea *for to settle her nerves*, as was shook to fiddlestrings I

could see, and had give me a nasty all-overish turn as made me feel all of a chill, as something hot is the only thing as will check.

I was that put out with them things, for the weneer on the claw-table had bulged up like a human blister, that I says "I m a-goin' for to see MRS. BRODLINS, as lives in Marrybone, and if I don't give that furniture man a bit of my mind my name ain't MARTHA." So I goes by the 'bus from Kennington, as put me down close by MRS. BRODLINS', where she appointed for to meet me, and as she was a-goin' shoppin' accordin' to agreement.

We walks along Oxford-street, and after a-looking at the shops I asks her if she'd mind a-steppin' as far as Tottingem-court-road, and as soon as we got there I see the shop as I remembered the name on immediate, and there was a man and a woman a-standin' outside, with walnut sweets in the winder. The man he says to me, "What can I show you to-day?"

"Well," I says, "I wish as you'd show me some furniture, and not the rubbish as you've sent home to me, as is a mass of fragments, and a downright disgrace for any one to look at, leave alone to set upon." So he stares, and up comes the woman a-askin' what I was a-saying.

So I says, "I can speak agin, tho' pr'aps you mayn't care to hear it, as is a gang of swindlers." "What are you a-talkin' about?" says she.

"Your furniture," says I, "as is ketchpenny rubbish as you sent to South Lambeth without a castor as didn't scrunch under your own weight." So she says, "You did ought to have cast-iron to bear you; but," she says, "I scorn your words, for I never sent you no furniture, and never see you before," and turns round.

I says, "You'll deny your own name, I suppose." So the fellow as was dustin' with a feather broom he says, "Now step along, if you please, and don't be kickin' up no row here."



I says, "You take back your rubbish, and give me back my money."

He says, "Who's got your money?"

I says, "You! for," I says, "I've got the card," as I was a long time a-gettin' out thro' my pocket bein' that deep; "but," I says, "here it is, deny that if you can." So he says, "That's not my card;" and if I hadn't been and made a mistake about the name, as it was the wrong shop, and I don't know what would have happened, only Mrs. BRODLINS she ketched 'old on me and pulled me on quick, and that man and woman hollared after me as I must be mad or drunk, and hooted at us, and I do believe if we hadn't took a cab as we should have been mobbed.

And next time as BROWN makes a bad bargain he may get out of it hisself, for the way as he abused me for interferin' was downright outrageous, and all I got to say is no more of your sweets for me, but steady-made furniture as will bear the 'uman form. .



Mrs. Brown on the Lord Mayor's Show.

---

**B**EEN in bed? I should think I had been, three whole days, all thro' goin' to see it, as MRS. EDWARDS persuaded me to, for says she to me, "MRS. BROWN, mum, it can't be, they never would allow it." Says I, "Why not?"

"Well," says she, "they may; but it don't seem natural for to have a Jew for Lord Mayor, as I've seed him myself a-goin' to church, gold chain and all, as they'd never trust him with."

So BROWN he come in just then, and I says to him, "You're the party for to settle it; here's MRS. EDWARDS a-goin' on like a downright fiery bigget about a Jew bein' Lord Mayor." "Well," says BROWN, "I dare say he's just as good a Christian as many as sets there; besides, he ain't the fust as has proved a Jew, and one on 'em was a Catholic." "Well," she says, "I never did."

I says "It's all very well for him bein' a Jew, as is his business, but as to his goin' to church it's downright ridiculous; he must set there a-laughin' in his sleeves, as is unbecomin' in any one in a place of woship, 'cos I knows as Jews don't hold with goin' to church, as well I remembers a lady as was that way a-tellin' a party as I was a-nussin' as they never did." BROWN says, "Well, if I was a Jew I shouldn't go to

church ; for I should say plump and plain as it wasn't my ways, as is only a form after all."

"Well," I says, "them forms is very proper, but not for Jews, as don't hold with them, as I'm sure is very strict in their ways, as I've knowed them as would have starved afore they'd have touched a bit of pork, tho' certainly their fried fish is beautiful, and I never did taste such rum shrub like what they drinks on their fast days, as is kind-hearted people." So MRS. EDWARDS she says, "If any one but you had told me such a thing I would not have believed it. A Jew for Lord Mayor! They'll be havin' him for a bishop next." BROWN he says, "Why not?" thro' not a-holdin' with bishops.

But I says, "BROWN, you're a-talkin' foolish, as don't become your time of life." MRS. EDWARDS a-see'n me a-gettin' warm says, "Well," says she, "I won't believe it till I see it, and see it I will, and will you go, as there is a first floor open to you in Fleet-street?"

"Well," I says, "it's chilly weather for the open air." Says she, "We can have the window shut nearly all the time."

So I said as I'd go, thro' the weather bein' mild for November, tho' it's not a month as I cares to take cold in, for it lays hold on you with a cough as I've know'd last till May, as horehound won't pacify nor squills allay, as is only things as upsets the stomach, and makes one feel frequent nauseous. It was all very well a-goin' to Fleet-street when we was livin' at the East-end, but now as we're out in Lambeth it's out of the way, tho' it is but a step to the Woxhall Station, where I gets the train to Waterloo. BROWN he says, "You have a cab, or you'll come to grief in the crowd." I says, "I'm a-goin' with MRS. EDWARDS, as knows her way about."

We got comfortable to the train thro' it hein' fine

over head, and was whisked into Waterloo pretty sharp.

I was jammed frightful once or twice a-gettin' over the bridge, as was that crowded with them rough characters, as kep' a-treadin' on my gown and then usin' of low-lived langwidge, as is revoltin' agin a lady's ear; and if it hadn't been for the police I don't think as ever I could a-got thro'. MRS. EDWARDS she's a skin and grief figger, as could squeeze everywhere, like a weazel in a hen-roost, as the sayin' is, and soon got ahead of me.

A very nice young woman she came up to me and says, "Oh, mum, if you please, which ever is my way to Westminster, as am goin' after a situation, and 'ave got lost in the crowd?" "Westminster," I says, "is close by where I've come from; but," I says, "direct you I can't."

So she says, "Would you mind me a-walkin' by your side, as would be a protection, for I ain't used to them crowds?"

A lot of fellows came a-jostlin' agin us, and that young woman she clung that tight to my arm as I couldn't move, as was natural for her not to like them young men's rough ways. When we was got clear of them she says, "'Ave you lost anything?" "No," I says; for I'd only got my umbrella. She says, "They've turned my pockets out."

I says, "'Old my umbrella while I feels for my puss;" but, bless you, my pocket, as is a stout nankeen, was emptied, not as I'd much in it, as was lucky, and shouldn't have minded so much if they hadn't took my silver thimble with a steel top, as is the best as ever I worked with. Well, back comes MRS. EDWARDS a-sayin', "Why don't you come on?" So I says, "I've been robbed." "Law!" she says, "you don't say so!" I says, "I do, and so is this young woman," as I turned for to speak to, but she

was gone, as was an 'ussy in my opinion, and smelt of sperrits that early, as don't look well.

However I got through the crowd is a puzzle to me, with all the gethers reg'lar tore out of my alpaca, as is lined thro', with a warm shawl on, as was as much as I could bear thro' bein' one as heats up all of a minute. Well, we was close by the house, as is a corner, and there was a crowd all up to the door. So says MRS. EDWARDS, "Be so good as to make way," quite civil, but of all the jeerin' wagabones it was that crowd. One says, "Oh, here's the Lady Mayoress as stops the way;" and another says, "Make room for SAIREY GAMP and BETSY PRIGG, as is wanted particular." When we got in the young woman was very short, and said as the house were that full, but MRS. EDWARDS kep' a-sayin', "Come on." So up we goes that rapid as made my breath uncommon short, and if it hadn't been for the landin's as I rested on, I don't think as ever I should have got up. Of all the dark staircases as ever I was on it was the darkest, and that narrow as meetin' parties comin' down was squeezy work.

"Bless your windows!" says I to MRS. EDWARDS, "wherever are they?" as the room was chuckfull, and every room as we opened parties says, "Up higher." Up we goes till I says, "Well," I says, "MRS. EDWARDS, higher we can't go unless it is the roof." A young chap as was a-comin' up says, "That's the best place."

"What," I says, "thro' the cock-loft door." I says, "Never." MRS. EDWARDS she says, "Oh, it will be beautiful, you'll see the procession a-comin and a-goin'."

So through she gets, and she give me her hand, and begun a-pullin' that violent as I says, "Excuse me, but my sleeve is crackin' under the arm, and I'd rather manage for myself," as I did thro' a-takin' off my shawl and a-strugglin' up to that trap-door, as is what I

might come to some day thro' it's bein' a fire-escape, as I don't believe no family ever could get through in time. When I was got out there we was on the roof, with nothin' but the gutters for to stand in, except the hedge of the parapitch, as that young chap would walk along, as made me all of a creep thro' terrors, a-knowin' well as there wasn't nothin' between him and distraction, as the noise down below was downright scarifyin'. So I says, "Whatever you do hold tight," I says, "for I know'd a party as fell thro' a skylight a-doin' this very thing, and if he hadn't pitched on his head into a tailor's workshop, as was able to catch him in their outstretched arms thro' a-settin' all round at work, he'd have been broke to bits."

It was all very fine to talk about Lord Mayor's Show, but, law bless you, I couldn't see nothin' of it thro' that parapitch bein' just on a level with my eyes, and as to climbin' up them tiles I says, "Not if I knows it." Well, MRS. EDWARDS she'd scrambled up, and was a-standin' holdin' on to a stack of chimblies, a-sayin' as she see beautiful, and as for me I was a-thinkin' however I should get thro' that cock-loft agin' with the blacks a-comin' down in showers, when a red-faced party puts his head out at that trap-door, and says, "What are you a-doin' up here?" I says, "Sir, I'm MRS. EDWARDS' friend, as were brought here by that lady as is a-clingin' to the chimbly."

I wouldn't repeat the words as that red-faced party used, not upon no account; but I hollors to MRS. EDWARDS, but, bless you, she was a-wavin' of her handkerchief like mad as the procession was a-comin' along, and didn't hear me. So the red-faced man he shouts to her, "You come off my tiles, as will be broke to bits, or else," he says, "I'll have the police." I says, "I'm not on your tiles, and if I was," I says, "You dare moslest me at your peril, as might be any one's death a-terrifyin' like this." He says, "Come out."

Well, MRS. EDWARDS she come along, and ~~didn't~~ that man go on, and begun a-blowin' up the young chap as was his 'prentice, as turned on us a-sayin' we said we was friends, as is a thing as never crossed my lips, and if we hadn't come to the wrong house thro' Mrs. EDWARDS mistakin' the corner. If there is a thing as I can't a-bear it's to look foolish; but certainly that red-faced man needn't have give way to that lanwidge as he did. So I says, "Please for to recollect as you are addressin' of ladies." "Ladies," says he, "pretty sort of ladies, prowlin' about and comin' into houses; there's lots of such about to-day." He says, "I shan't, let you go till I've searched you." "What!" I says, "you search me? I should like to see you dare to do it." I says, "Let me out." He says "Come in." I says, "That's what I want to." I was in that fluster a-gettin' in at that trap thro' bein' hurried, that I missed the step as I did ought to have put my foot on, and in I went all of a slip like, and it's a mercy as the trap-door were that narrow as it caught me under the arms, or I might have been killed, and thro' a-comin' that sudden I ketched the red faced-man a kick in the pit of his stomach as reg'lar doubled him up. He sat a-howlin' on the landin' but, law bless you, I never stopped to look at him, for I'd got the start down them stairs, and away I went to the street-door, as was open, and I hurries out.

The crowd was a-breakin' up, and I was that flurried, so I asks a policeman what I'd best do with no money and a-famishin' for something. As to Mrs. EDWARDS I couldn't see her nowhere. I says, "Get me a cab." Says the policeman, "There ain't no cabs allowed." And no more there wasn't and if I wasn't obliged to walk all the way to near Waterloo-bridge with not a halfpenny to pay the toll, and had to leave my 'ankercher, and got a cab home at last.

MRS. EDWARDS she come the next day for to tell me

as she fell in with friends on the first floor, and spent a pleasant evenin', with tea and supper, to say nothin' of lunch, and blamed my bein' in that hurry; but she's a mean-minded woman for to have broke bread in that house after them insults; but as to Lord Mayor's Show, it's a downright nuisance, and give me that cold as I've been in bed three days, and it's my opinion it did ought to be put down.



Mrs. Brown gets a Treasure.

---

**I**F she's only half so good as her character as the lady give me, she *will* be a servant, as certainly was a quiet, genteel woman, a-livin' in the Old Kent-road, and never did I see door-steps better cleaned, nor a house neater with the parlours small, as looked cheerless through fancy papers in the grate, where I should have had a bit of fire.

I don't think I ever see so many picters of ministers together in my life in one room, as turned out as she'd known a-many, and was constant at the large chapel by the Elephant and Castle; not as I cares for them places myself, as I considers much the same as theayters for a Sunday evenin'.

I'm sure the way as she spoke for that young woman with a tearful eye quite made me take to her. But of all the creatures as ever I got under my roof it was that young woman as the lady said would prove a treasure.

Up in the mornin' she never was till I'd tore the bell down, and obliged for to take in the milk myself over and over agin, and in her bed, leastways ought to have been, by ten every night.

She come into my place with nothin' but what she stood up and in a blue bandbox tied up in a white 'ankercher, a-sayin' as her box would foller, and so it did, as was empty I could see through the man a-liftin' of it

easy over the gate and her a takin' it, a-thinkin' I didn't see through its comin' at dark, but I ain't got my eyes for nothin' with a gas-lamp in front of our door.

She says to me on the Monday follerin' as she come on the Saturday, "If you wouldn't mind lettin' me 'ave half-a-sovereign, as would enable me for to get a bit of long cloth and some stockin's," as I did not withhold through a-knowin' what it is to be short myself.

I don't believe as she laid out a penny on it on things as is useful, for I ketched her a-dryin' on her stockin's at the kitchen fire, as she was a-settin' without over her supper beer, as I allows her half-a-pint, and in my opinion quite enough too.

Eight pounds a year was her wages, and our tea-pot, as I always makes good, and never one to take more than two cups and BROWN three as relishes his tea to the last, and won't stand no water-be-witched, as the sayin' is.

As to cookin' that young woman know'd no more than a acrobat as tumbles in the streets, for if she didn't put the potatoes on as she was a-washin' up the breakfast things, and let 'em boil to starch, as I see with my own eyes.

But what put me out was her pretendin' to know everythin', and not likin' to be spoke to; not as I cared much about the cookin' through the week, for BROWN was only home to his supper, as I looked to myself, but on the Sunday week follerin' BROWN's aunt was a-comin' to dinner and MR. and MRS. BRODLINS. So I'd got a nice piece of loin of weal and a Bath chap, with some brussels-sprouts and potatoes, with a bread-and-butter puddin' and a apple tart.

In course I didn't leave the pastry to her, as I don't hold with any one as does dirty work a-makin' pies and puddin's for me, well knowin' as they'll have a

hot, heavy hand even if it should be a clean one, as isn't over likely. So I sends the tart to the baker's, and it's a mercy I did, for if that gal didn't go and put that bread-and-butter puddin' up in the oven and forget all about it, and when it come out it was for all the world like a roasted hare for colour, and then she ups and says to my face, "Well, you said as you liked it well browned."

I says to her, "Whatever you do soak that chap well, and don't let it boil hard;" but she must have let it gallop, for when it come to table no human knife couldn't make no way into it.

As to the weal it was raw, though I'd been poisoned all the mornin' with the smell of it a-burnin', and coals in the drippin'-pan a-flarin', and me only able to call to her over the stairs, through not likin' to leave BROWN's aunt, as had come that early as to take up all my time, and if that gal didn't say as she know'd her work, quite short.

As to the dinner, however I got through it I don't know, for if she hadn't been and cut away all the fat and kidney from the weal, and told me as she'd always, seen it drawed, as she called it, me a-findin' out as she'd put it in her grease-pot unbeknown, as she kep' on the sly through me a-tellin' her as they was things as I won't have in my house.

It's a mercy as I had a bit of loin of mutton in the house, and went down and cooked chops myself, as was sent up hot and hot; and BROWN was able to cut enough weal for his aunt, as kep' a-grumblin' all the time at losin' of the kidneys.

Well, that gal she said as she wouldn't miss her chapel was it ever so, as she always kep' to of a Sunday evenin'; and I says, "Very well, MARY ANN, go and welcome; but," I says, "I think as you might *find* a place of worship nearer nor the Elephant and Castle." But I lets her go, as Mrs. GIDDINS was able

for to come in to clear away the tea, and help me to mince up the weal for a bit of supper ; for I don't hold as a mutton chop round is much for a Sunday's dinner.

Well, we got through the supper well, with a bit of toasted cheese to make up. Glad I was when they was gone, and MRS. GIDDINS says, "It's gone ten, and would you want anything more?" I says, "Ain't that young woman come in?"

"No," says she. "Well," I says, "don't you wait," I says, "but them hours won't suit me."

We was got up to bed when I heard her ring. So BROWN he says, "I'll let her in; don't say nothin' to-night." So he did, and come up a-sayin' as she'd met her brother, and lost her way a-comin' home, and all as I says is "Rubbish!"

I was not a-sleepin' over well, for my heart misgive me about that young woman over-sleepin' herself, and knowin' as MRS. GIDDINS would be six to the minute, as any one would be with a hard day's wash a-starin' them in the face, and I heard the clock at the distillery strike twelve when I was a-droppin' off, and of all the smells of burnin' I never did. So I jumps up and says, "BROWN, we're a-bein' burnt in our beds," as only replies "Bother" through his snores, but I opens the door and hollars to him that loud as roused him sudden. I says, "Mark my words, if it ain't that hussy," and rushes up to her room, as is the front attic, and a noble room too, and if the door wasn't locked though I'd took away the key with my own hands, through not a-holdin' with servants a-locking themselves in.

BROWN he was up by that time, and give the door one pris' sudden with his foot and shoulder, and busted it in.

If that gal wasn't only just waked up, as had been a-readin' in-bed with the candle on her band-box, as was on a chair by the bedside, all a-smoulderin'

away like, and bust in a flame when the door was opened, as BROWN shoved into the grate, and if there'd been curtains to that bed we should all have perished, and if that hussy hadn't got sperrits in a bottle, least-ways there was the bottle on the mantelshelf.

So I says, "You march, my lady, as soon as ever daylight comes." So I takes the lucifers away and locks her in the room, a-sayin' as I'd have in the police if she dared to speak, as she never said a word till I opens the door in the mornin' after I'd let in MRS. GIDDINS, and if that creature wasn't dressed in her bonnet and shawl, and says, "I'll leave your house, and am a-goin' for a cab."

I says, "Leave my house you do; but," I says, "as to a cab, you walked here and might walk away."

Well, she bounced out of the place, and never come back till just on eleven, as the pot-boy was a-bringin' Mrs. GIDDINS her noonin's, as the sayin' is. She says "I wants my wages and my property."

I says "There's your week's money, as I'd scorn to keep." She says, "I'll have a month's."

I says, "Will you? Do you see anything green about me?" She says to the cabman, "Come in and help me down with my box." I says, "You stop where you are, cabman—I'm not a-goin' to have my passage and stair-carpet all mudded by you." I says, "You can carry the box down yourself for all that's in it." She says, "It was that heavy as she couldn't."

"Well, then," I says, "I'll see what's in it."

Of all the rages as she flew in and abuse was frightful; but as luck would have it a policeman were a-passin'. So I calls him in, as shet her up pretty quick, and the things as was in that box, all my property, *beggars* descriptions, as the sayin' is; but as I'd had quite enough of them courts, I wouldn't give her in charge

though the policeman would have took her like a bird. She'd got bed linen and a bolster, to say nothin' of my stockin's, and a black lace wale, and two blankets as she must have took out from between the mattress in the front room, and a lot of curtains as I'd got put away, and two muslings as was rough-dried, and a pair of BROWN's boots. So I turned the wagabone out with her empty box, and clean forgot as I'd let her have half-a-sovereign the Monday after she came.

Well, I thought it was my duty for to call on that lady as give me the character, and warn her agin such a impostor; but, law bless you, she said as I was very uncharitable, and however was a young woman for to be reclaimed, and she let out she know'd nothin' about her, and had never had her in her house.

So I says, "Well, mum, you may be very pious and all that, but let me tell you as the next time you wants to reclaim any one, try them in your own house first, and don't be that charitable with other parties. I don't keep no refuge for the destitute under my roof, and," I says, "as you're that particular about your chapel, p'rhaps if you wasn't to give false characters as is all a parcel of lies, it would be as well." A cantin' old cat, as turned up her eyes and said I wasn't a renewed character, as I'd have persecuted, only BROWN said as she'd not be worth the trouble, as I don't think she were, for I'm sure you'd better put up with anything rather than have to go to law, as is the way to lose time, temper, money, and everything else. But I only hopes as I shan't never have a treasure recommended to me again.



No. 27.

## Brown keeps his Birthday.

---

**W**ELL, I says, keep it in welcome as far as I'm concerned, though for my part I can't ever think what people wants a-keepin' of birth-days, as only makes you a year older, as fronts won't keep down nor false teeth obliterate, though I've know'd 'em that natural as you could crack a nut with them, as I've seen MRS. ARDEN at the "Risin' Sun" do often and often out of bravo to her husband, as wasn't nothin' but a mask of gums. It was wonderful however he could macerate his wittles, and hard-biled beef too, as had been let gallop to death through her never bein' a cook in my opinion, as had a heavy hand at pastry, and hashed mutton downright beastly.

Well, he says as he'd a few old pals as he should like to see at his table, as would make seven in all, me included; not as I wanted for to be present with their baccy pisonin' one, as clung to the curtains for weeks to come, and if you'd seen that carpet the next mornin', as I cleaned myself with a ox gall, as made the room that unbearable as I didn't fancy it all the summer.

So I says, "BROWN," I says, "it's my opinion as you'd better keep your birthday, as is your own affair, all to yourself." "Well," he says, "I think that's a odd way of bein' jolly, MARTHA."

"I means with your friends, in course," says I; "but

I think as I may as well keep out of the room." He says, "MARTHA," a-lookin' at me hard, "you ain't a bad sort, and have been my wife two-and-thirty year, and I think as you might keep my birthday with me, I mayn't have many more."

I says, "Go along with your nonsense," for I felt a sort of a chokey feelin' in my throat, "you'll live for to torment me many a day, I know; but," I says, "I'll keep your birthday for all that with pleasure if you wishes it."

Certainly BROWN is a wonderful-lookin' man for fifty-four, as upright as a dart, and when tidied up, and took a pride in, was once took for vally de chamber to a nobleman.

So I thought as they should have a nice supper, as I calls a jugged hare and a goose, with a apple tart and bloo monge, as I'm a famous hand at, and have known the dish come down from parties licked clean, as the sayin' is, through ladies' a-takin' to it so.

I'm glad for to see any one as is a friend as my husband brings home, and as to old MR. WELLS and his son-in-law, MR. BUNTER, why I'm proud for to see them men, as is ornaments as I calls them, and in the funeral furnishin' line.

Then there's MR. PACKMAN, as is a reg'lar twetny-shillin'-in-the-pound man, and that's what I calls a good man.

Then there was MR. WELBY, as have seen better days, a good sort of man enough no doubt, but ain't never done well at nothin', and the money that man's had out of BROWN is downright ruin, and all chucked in the dirt, and him always a-comin' with some new vagaries, as wanted to persuade me as there was a company for makin' of milk from horse-beans, as I says, "More shame for 'em, as can't give no nourishment, and must be a heatin' thing for a young child."

But of all the vulgar, low-lived parties as ever I set



down with it was a gent called HAGGLES, as has only just come into the club.

They calls him good company, but not for me, a-turnin' everythin' into ridicule from the goose uppermost, and a-makin' remarks as I calls downright w-lived.

The way as he slopped things about, a-messin' my aw table-cover with brewin' his punch, as was that cid for to set your teeth on a hedge, and didn't suit me, as only took a little somethin' hot for to drink BROWN's health.

About half-past ten when MR. WELLS would go, through livin' over by Whitechapel Church, as is a long distance from South Lambeth, I says, "Gentlemen, if you will excuse me, I shall say good-night, a-wishing as you may enjoy yourselves," and up-stairs I goes. I might as well a-stopped down for all the rest as I got, for really you would have thought as them men had gone mad. Of all the singin' and shoutin' downright pot-house.

"Well," I says, "it don't happen often, so I may as well bear it," as I naterally thought would give in by twelve at latest. But law bless you, I heard the clock strike one, and if they wasn't still at it. Sleep I couldn't, so I set up a-noddin' in my chair, when all of a-sudden if they wasn't a-singin' and a dancin'. I says, "They've drunk themselves foolish," as is degradin' habits as I don't hold with.

They was at their highjinks, and me a-thinkin' as I must interfere through a-knowin' as the lady next door was hardly down-stairs, when I hears a crash as though powder mills had gone off under my very nose, with the fire-irons a jingling like mad. So down I rushes, just as I was, with a shawl throwed round my shoulders, and when I opened the door, it was a sight, for if them fools wasn't a-standin' round the table with the fire-irons in their hands as they'd been

a-dancin' to and a-singin' "Slap Bang," a-lookin' all aghast, as the sayin' is, and if the table wasn't a regular deluge of plaister, a large lump of the ornament round where the gas hangs havin' come down.

Everything was smashed to atoms, and all their glasses broke, as I wasn't sorry for, and if that young HAGGLES didn't begin to make free with my bein' in my nightcap, BROWN a-joinin' in the laughture.

Well, it did put me out for to see that little WELBY that far gone in drink as begun for to caper about the place singin' as he was a Jolly Dog, for all the world like a demented hape. So I says, "It's all very well for you to be a-settin' up all night and drinkin' like a sponge, but," I says, "in my opinion you'll be better at home."

BROWN, he turns on me like a tiger broke loose, and says, "Now you hook it, or else we shall have words," as I see by his looks was a little on.

So I says, "I'm a goin'; but," I says, "you'll please to remember as I'm over head, and don't want my four-post bed, as is full large for the room, to come through with the ceilin'." So them fellows said they'd go, but bless you BROWN wouldn't let 'em. For there was clean glasses on the side and more sperrits, and if they didn't have glasses round, and made me have a drop, as was p'raps as well, for I felt all of a chill like.

When I did go up again, for they said they was a-goin', I'm sure I stood on the top of them stairs ever so long, with a draught a rushin' up enough for to turn a mill, and me that frightened as they'd set the place a-fire, as is my horrors.

At last I was thankful for to hear them sayin' good-night, and the time as they was a findin' of their hats and umbrellers seemed a age, as the sayin' is.

When they was gone, I know'd as BROWN wasn't no

more capable of puttin' up the chain, nor turnin' out the gas than nobody. So down I goes, and if he wasn't a-settin' on the bottom stair a-dodgin' at his boots as he was a-tryin' to undo. So I squeezes by him and fastens the door, puts out the gas, and come for to get him up-stairs; but, law bless you, move him I couldn't, and he set there first a-smilin' and a callin' me a angel; then begun for to have words through me a-gettin' impatient, bein' kep' a-standin' there so long, and said as we should part, and all of a sudden busted out a-cryin', a sayin' as he was a miserable wretch. So I says, "Get up-stairs, there's a dear," a coaxin' on him, and give him my hand for to get him up.

Well, he gets on his feet as he couldn't keep, and pitches for'ard right agin me, as knocked the candle out of my hand, and throw'd me back'ards all along that passage; it's a mercy as he didn't fall on me, or it would have been my dyin' hour, I do believe.

The noise of my fall brought the gal down, as thought we were both bein' murdered, and would have called in the police if I hadn't a-stopp'd her, through not wishing the disgrace.

Whilst the gal was a-gettin' me up, if BROWN didn't make a sudden bolt up-stairs, get into the room and lock the door. Hammerin' wasn't no good; so, as he hadn't no light, I gets into the back bed, and got to sleep.

But, bless you, my lord was up and off betimes in the mornin' afore I was stirrin', and never showed up till supper time, and said as it was all my fancy about his bein' on, as the smell of the punch had upset me.

I'm sure five pounds won't set my front parlour to rights; and as to BROWN bein' sober, I'm sure he *never* was, or he wouldn't have gone to bed in his *boots*.

Mrs. Brown on Modern Houses.

---

**H**OUSES indeed! I calls 'em reg'lar ram-shackel nutshells, run-up rubbish, where you can't drive a nail with safety nor hang up a picter with comfort.

Certainly they was elegant outside, with their white fronts and 'apdsome windows to look at; but I never see such glass to look through, as made things seem that drawed out as you didn't know the postman from the pot-boy.

As to anythin' a-fittin', there wasn't a window-frame as didn't shake like earthquakes with me only a-walkin' across the room, and as to the BUTLERS, as lives next door but three, they give a evenin' party as brought the floor in.

They invited me and BROWN, as didn't wish for to go, bein' one as don't hold with no goin's out through a-takin' of his pipe quiet in the front kitchen, as is a pretty room, bein' meant for a sittin'-room, not as ever I fancied it, havin' a mouldy smell, and bein' frequent overflowed in the spring tides.

Why ever they calls them spring I can't think, for we was very near floated out twice the week afore last, and November no one can't call spring.

I'm sure the shock as that MRS. GIDDINS give me I never shall forget, as is a wrong-headed woman as ever I had in my house, though I will say clean and

honest. Not as I holds with her officious ways, as led to her washin' away every bit of my mock turtle, as I'd been two days a-maikin'. For BROWN says to me as he'd got a calf's-head cheap, as is a thing as a little goes a long way in my opinion, though with a bit of bacon he relished for his supper. So I makes the rest into mock turtle, and the forcemeat I was proud on, and puts it out to cool in a picklin'-pan in the back kitchen.

It was the day after that gal left as I'd give warnin' to, through her a-sayin' as she'd rather starve than eat cold mutton, as was good enough for me.

So I had MRS. GIDDINS in for half-a-day to tidy up the place ready for the young woman as was a-comin' that evenin'. When I come down after a-puttin' on my cap for tea, I see that picklin'-pan washed up clean.

So I says, "Wherever have you put my soup?" "What soup?" says she.

"That as was in that pan," says I. "That muck," says she. "Why I've throwed it down the sink," through her ignorance, not a-knowin' what it really were.

I was that wild as I could have throwed her down after it, but as she didn't go to do it I said no more.

I said to her a little later on, "MRS. GIDDINS, I want you to go up into the lumber-room," as is over my bed-room, a sort of cupboard in the slant of the roof, as I'd put away some boxes in, "and pull me out a black portmanty," as I wanted to get somethin' out on. Up she goes all of a bustle.

I says, "Tread light," through a-knowin' as there wasn't no floor but lath and plasters to that cupboard. "All right," says she.

So I hearin' her a-rummagin' and a-pullin' the things about calls out, "Can't you find it?" She says, "If you'd come and hold the candle I could get

it out," as was jammed and crammed tight in the corner.

Up I goes and takes the candle, and there we was a-standin' in that cupboard, as is nothin' but beams. I was standin' on a beam, and MRS. GIDDINS in front on me, a-haulin' at that portmanty like mad. Well, she gives it a pull with all her force as made it come out all of a sudden like.

The jerk as she give it throwed her back agin me as tipped me off the beam on to the lath and plaster, and through I goes, with that crash as made me think the house was all about our ears.

I struggles natural, as any one would, and, ketchin' hold of MRS. GIDDINS pulls her through too.

Well, there we was through the ceilin', with our legs a-danglin' in my bedroom, and that caught as we couldn't get up, MRS. GIDDINS a-screamin' like wild as she was murdered, with the candle knocked out, and we might have been there till now, only as luck would have it BROWN come in earlier than I expected. But, law bless you, he could do nothin' for ever so long for laughin', and when he did draw us up, if he didn't say as MRS. GIDDINS were a old fool and me another for not knowin' better than to tread on lath and plaster, as is a downright disgrace for floorin'.

If you'd seen my bedroom it was a perfect wilder-ness for bits of mortar, and why it didn't all come down together I can't make out. I never shall forget the way as them walls wouldn't hold a picter of a aunt of BROWN's as left us the bit of property as we're a-livin' on. A beautiful picter it was, as her good gentleman paid three guineas for to have painted by a painter as had done QUEEN CAROLINE in a low-necked dress, with a pink hat and the cheeks to match, as had a bird on her finger.

The trouble as I've took with that frame a-keepin'

off the flies in summer with yeller calamancer nobody wouldn't believe, and so I did ought to, for it cost thirty shillin's second-hand, lovely gold shell-work at the four corners.

Well, we hung it up in the front parlour over the mantel-piece, where I'd got some beautiful wax fruit underneath a glass cover, with a peach stone, that nat'ral as you'd a-took and cracked it, and it looked downright noble. We hung it up, as I was sayin', just afore supper, MRS. GIDDINS and me, with a nail that long as I thought it would go through the next door, for it went in that sudden with only two blows of a flat-iron.

Just as I was a-helpin' BROWN to a bit of pickled pork and greens, there come a crash as if heaven and earth had come together. I looks at BROWN, and he looks at me. "Whatever can it be?" says he. "The picter," says I.

Up I rushes, and of all the sights it was that picter, for if it hadn't pulverised my wax fruit, and split the marble chimly-piece, and, wust of all, it had ketched agin the corner of the fender, as MRS. GIDDINS had been that foolish for to leave a-standin' on the rug through a-movin' of it for to put the steps nearer when we was a-hangin' of the picter up, and if the corner of the fender hadn't gone right through her cheek, a-tearin' away a bit of the nose.

The walls was that rotten all over the house. As to the kitchen dresser, it was a-startin' right away from them, and the plates and dishes in constant jeopardy, and the draught round them skirtin' boards was enough to blow your legs off: there wasn't a door as would shut, and as to the cockroaches and beedles as made that free that the kitchen floor was black with them; not for to mention things as was in *the bedrooms* as defied soft soap, and turps didn't take *no effect on*; and all the satisfaction as I got was to be

told as they was in the woods as come from America, as I can easily believe, for in my opinion them 'Mericans is capable of anythin', like all those niggers as I remembers well. was 'mancipated along with the Catholics many years ago; not as ever I could a-bear them blacks, nor fancy moist sugar, as they mauls about with their hands and feet; a-butcherin' of women and children, as is their savage natures; but if they'd have kept their beastly woods to themselves I shouldn't have cared, as has caused me many a sleepless night, and my four-post took down three times in five weeks, for rest I can't with the thought of them in my head, and shouldn't have minded so much if the landlord hadn't give me his impudence, a-sayin' as his house was built for ladies and gentlemen, as didn't go a-tearin' about like mad bulls.

So I says, "If you are alludin' to me in mad bulls, I'd thank you for to remember as you're a-talking to a lady; and as to your house, I only hope it will hold together till our year is out, and then catch me a-stoppin' in your place, as is a mean dusthole"





## Mrs. Brown goes to an Evening Party.

---

**B** "E did ought to go, BROWN, in my opinion," says I. "Oh, bother!" says he, "I ain't a-goin' to make a fool of myself at my time of life."

"Well," I says, "it's not makin' a fool of nobody for to be perlite," and with a printed note too as looked beautiful, a-requestin' of the pleasure of our company with quadrilles in the corner. He busts out a laughin', a-sayin' as he should like for to see me a quadrilling in a corner.

So I says, "There's no occasion for no rudeness, MR. BROWN, as have danced often in my time and with your betters, as was young MASTER WATTS, where I lived first, as would often get me for to practise the Spanish dance with him in a round jacket and broad collar, with his hair long and white silk stockings and pumps through it's bein' Twelfth Night, as they drawed king and queen beautiful with a cake like the driven snow." Says BROWN, "If you'll promise for to dance, I'll go."

I says, "Go on with your rubbish." "Well," he says, "I means it, for," he says, "there must be some-one on hand for to dig you out of the rubbish, for you'll bring the place about their ears as sure as ever *they* lets you do it."

I says, "MR. BROWN, redicules ain't no argyments ;

but," I says, "dance or no dance, I goes to this party." He only says, "All right," and smokes away like a burnin' furnace.

The next mornin' I gets Miss LESTER, as lives nearly opposite, and is a friendly gal, for to answer the note very genteel and say as we excepted the invitation, "For," she says, "you can say as Mr. BROWN have a bad cold, or somethin' like that, when you goes in without him," as surprised me through her bein' of a serious turn.

I've got a lovely gownd as is a satin turk a deer-crimson, as belonged to a lady as wore it when she dined at the Lord Mayor's with QUEEN VICTORIA first a-comin' to the throne. A noble gownd it is, as I cleaned from top to bottom with my own hands with a little sperrits and flannel. It fitted me like wax only a little tight in the armholes, as Miss LESTER said didn't signify, as I needn't lift my arms up.

I got a very nice blue crape turban, with silver spangles, as sets the face off, and with my new hair, as was made for me in the City, I think as I had everything nice.

I wore a handsome scarf over my shoulders, as was a bright orange, and with white gloves and a fan. I do assure you any one might have been proud to have took me out.

When I was dressed BROWN I know'd would be full of his jeers, so I didn't go down to him, through not a-wishin' to be baccy-smoked as I told him over the bannisters. As to our SARAH, that gal couldn't take her eyes off me, a-sayin' as I looked for all the world like waxwork as she seed at the West-end, where all the Royal families is in a Chamber of Horrors.

It was a pourin' wet night, but I would not have a cab through it only bein' three doors off, and Miss LESTER a-pinnin' me up all round so as not to be splashed, with a large cloak throwed over me and a

shawl over my head and SARAH holding the umbrella.

Whatever we pay pavin' rates for I can't make out, it's downright disgraceful the way as they've left them flagstones in our street, that loose as I steppe'd on one, and up it goes with a flop and sends a large puddle as was under it all up my stockin's, and reg'lar deluged my overshoes.

Goin' up them steps to MRS. BUTLER's door was dreadful, for my gownd hung down and come in contract with the wet stones and dabbed me dreadful.

I was forced for to send SARAH back for clean stockings, and had to have my shoes dried in the kitchen afore I could go into the room where they was all a-sittin' round the walls a-takin' of tea. I certainly did take a cup for the look of the thing, as were only loo warm, and I should say half-a-crown the pound. There was thin bread and butter as I couldn't eat through the butter bein' what I calls reg'lar cartgrease, and as to the tea-cake it was cold and broke in bits, with a sweet taste as made that rank butter taste worse than ever.

MRS. BUTLER is a weazel-figgered woman, as wears no cap, with grey hairs and not much on it.

As to her daughter 'LIZA ANN, she's a fright all over, with her hair in a crop and a white frock, as had been washed with a deal too much blue-bag for me; and wasn't never made for her in my opinion.

As to old BUTLER, nobody seemed to mind him, as was a simple sort of party, as I see myself a-cribbin' of the cakes and drinkin' of the negus on the sly.

If he could drink it I couldn't, as had been made with cream o' tartar I could swear, and as to wine, why, it's my opinion as they forgot to put it in.

*Well, there were a deal of music, as was no doubt very fine for them as understands it, and one young gent. as had a lovely shirt front, though only Scotch*

cambric, with his hair parted down the middle and a flower in his coat, as they'd said he'd give ninepence for alone. He certainly sung very nice, though it's my opinion as his boots was torments to him, bein' patent leather stitched with yellor thread as you could see.

Law, the way as them gals went on over that young fellow was downright barefaced. At last 'LIZA BUTLER got quite put out, and called Miss SHELLINS a spiteful thing to her face, as was a settin' down to play on the piano when the music-stool give way with her all of a crash, and knocked my negus out of my hand through my arms bein' that pinioned as I couldn't save it. I'm sure when Miss SHELLINS come to play it was nothin' partikler, and as to her song as her ma played the music to, it was reg'lar laughture and nothin' more. There was a hand at cards, as I didn't join in, through cribbage bein' all as I knows, but MRS. SHELLINS she set down to whist, and didn't know no more than I do, and that aggravated a lady as were her pardner, as caused her for to tell her to her face as she didn't play no better at cards than she did on the pianer.

There was a pretty filliloo, I can tell you, as broke up the cards, as I wasn't sorry, for really I was beginnin' to feel the want of my supper, as half-past eight is my hour, and now a quarter to ten. Law bless you, I don't think as people as gives parties thinks about comfort, for I'm sure there weren't no comfort there.

I set a-noddin' in a corner, feelin' ready for to drop, and my new hair kep' a gettin' loose in single hairs across my face, a-makin' my nose itch that violent as I couldn't get my hand near for rest. Well, of a sudden I give a sneeze that violent, and heard a bang.

I know'd it was my gownd give way, and so it did, and simultanous like, at each arm-hole. I didn't take

no notice, thro' a-knowin' as my scarf were pinn'd down, and I wasn't sorry, as the gownd had give way as enabled me to breathe more free, and to get my 'ankercher up to my face.

Well, supper came at last, as was sandwiches, and cakes, and jelly, with wine and water. You might have knocked me down with a feather. Call that supper as wasn't more than toothfuls! There was cold roast beef, bread and cheese, and beer, on the sideboard, as MRS. BUTLER said were for the gentlemen.

I'd a-give anythin' for a slice of that beef and a good pull at the beer, but law bless you, I was reg'lar hemmed in, and didn't like for to ask for none, as I could not have eat it comfortable on my lap. As to them sandwiches, they wasn't human, tho' MRS. BUTLER did keep a-sayin' as she cured her own 'ams, as she might have done others, but this one wasn't cured at all, and looked that measly as wasn't fit to eat, and in my opinion was cured from the cookshop at the corner.

I had the presence of mind for to ask for a glass of beer, for drink that Cape wine I can't.

I might have got on pretty well, pr'aps, if it hadn't been as a bit of somethin' in the sandwich got down the wrong way, and made me cough that violent as I couldn't a-bear myself. I felt half choked, and jumps up for hair to get my breath.

I sits down agin barely recoverin', when old BUTLER makes a rush across the room at the tongs, as was close to me, ketches 'em up, seizes hold of my turban, pulls it off, with my hair, and throws it all in flames into the grate.

I thought I would have died with my bald head afore all the company, as I couldn't get my scarf over. If I hadn't been and set light to my turban *through* a-shovin' it agin' a candle over the mantel-piece.

No doubt I might have been burnt serious but for BUTLER, only I think he might as well have tried some-thin' else, not as water was any good, for I'm sure that young gentleman in the shirt-front deluged me with a jugful, as made me savage through the danger bein' over.

I was only too glad for to get home anyhow. BROWN was a-bed when I got home, so I didn't say nothin' to him; but when I looked at my things all spoilt I says to myself, "No more parties for me;" but I didn't know the wust till the next day, when our SARAH told me as after I was gone they got a dancin' and BROWN's words came true, for if the ceilin' didn't give way over their heads and under their feet, and the neighbours come in for to stop it, or they'd have had the row all down. So, you see, it was lucky as I did ketch light, or I might have ended like a earthquake as swallows everythin' up, as the sayin' is.



Mrs. Brown on Society.

**I** CERTAINLY very well knows that I'm better off nor I expected to be, but that's not my case alone, for look at them Lord Mayors, as often comes from nothing, and LOUIS NAPOLEON, as I've heard say was brought down to mend his own boots in a back garret of St. Giles's, where in my opinion he might be now for all I cares, for I don't hold with them Brummagem kings and queens like some, as might as well stop in the Sandwich Islands as come here a-showin' their black faces, as I see her myself with nothin' but a converted boatswain for a father, though they do say as she is amiable, but, as I says, why not stop at home, and then no questions wouldn't be asked.

As for that Miss CHELLINS a-tellin' me as they wouldn't never have asked me into their society if they'd know'd as I'd been a monthly nuss its down-right cheek.

So I says, "Miss CHELLINS, your words is falsehood, though pr'aps unbeknown to utter. I never were a monthly nuss; not as I'm goin' to deny havin' been with parties in their troubles, as I should not mention through its bein' a-blowin' of my own trumpet, for I'm sure I never got a penny by it, and neglected my own home through a-seein' after others as proved ungrateful," as I'm sure that MRS. WADDELL was, as I

stayed with off and on over six weeks, and then to say as she couldn't sleep for my snores, as am a infant in my slumbers.

"No," I says, "Miss CHELLINS, I can hold up my head with anybody, for I was a poor girl, though brought up respectable, with hard-workin' parents, and my father a fellowship porter, as was crushed between two lighters a-closin' as he slipped with a sack of wheat on his back, and a mercy he wasn't drowned though, and never able for to straighten hisself to his dyin' day, and fourteen shillin's a week pension ain't much for them as had had three pounds and five in family, and I'm sure the way as my dear mother slaved is a credit to her memory, as lies in Horselydown Churchyard, though a-wishin' to be buried in Redriff with her parents, close to PRINCE LEBBOO, as they didn't never ought to have brought from his friends, as is well-known that they never can live through it, for however can they throw it out through a black skin, as must be that tough as defies perspiration.

"So when she was a widow and me only sixteen, I goes to service, and never had but two places in seven years, as ended in marrying BROWN, as were as steady as Old Time with a horse and cart.

"I had worked hard as a gal at home, and worked hard as a wife, and the mother of five and buried two. A happy wife too, though I must say as I do think BROWN were harsh about NED, as wasn't a bad boy, though one as would answer, as the father couldn't give in to; but pr'aps it's all for the best, though I did nearly break my heart when he 'listed; but now as he's give up soldierin', is doin' well in Canada, and sent me home that five pounds, as is in the savings' bank now for him, as I'd rather have starved than touched, I seems reconciled.

"He was a fine young fellow as ever you see, just



under six feet in his socks, with a good honest face, and a mouth of teeth as might make a elephant envious for ivory.

"I shan't never forget the evenin' as he come in to wish me good-bye, because BROWN would'nt see him, and only seventeen. He was a brave boy. How I loved him when I see him with his under lip a-quiverin' like a arrow; but he didn't give way, and I wouldn't neither, but spoke cheerful, a-tryin' for to joke him about his red coat.

"It wouldn't do though, for I was pretty near a-chokin', and when he got up sudden like and said, "Good-bye, mother. Say God bless you, Ned, and then I shall go happy," I thought I must have died; but no, I didn't, I give him a hearty mother's kiss and said, 'God bless you, my boy,' and off he went, but what it cost me to part with him, and just at Christmas too, nobody would ever know in this world."

I says, "Miss CHELLINS, I'll trouble you for to take your muddy boots off my fender."

I could a-said they ain't nothin' for to show, as was kid tops wore to nothin', only I wouldn't hurt her feelin's, though she might have had the mud brushed off, for poverty ain't no crime, though, in my opinion, dirt is despicable. So she says, "I'm a-goin'."

I says, "By all means." She says, "I didn't go and say nothin' to Mrs. BUTLER, as was the party as told me as you was a nuss, and your daughters in service, and Mr. BROWN only a engine-driver."

I says, "Both my daughters was in service decided, and our JANET is married to a ivory-turner and a-doin' well, though not a young man as ever I took to, and don't see much on, for I never did go very often when they was in two rooms, and am not goin' *now* as they've got a pretty house, furnished beautiful, *as I've only* seen it twice, thro' him gettin' into a *large way* of business in the turnin' line.

"As to my ELIZA, as is the child of my heart, she's been three years in Devonshire, and is a-goin' to be married next month to a young farmer, with two hundred acres of land, though livin' with a mother-in-law wouldn't suit me.

"I wants her to come home to be married, and she wants me to go there, through the young ladies where she's been a-livin' a-wantin' her to be married there."

"I don't know how they'll settle it, but I don't think as they'll ketch me a-doin' Devonshire this time of year, as is all very well in the spring, not as I holds with their clotted cream a-comin' up reg'lar churned by the railway."

As I was a-sayin' to Miss CHELLINS, "Don't you ever fancy as your clothes will ever set the wuss on your back for bein' paid for honest with money as you've worked for. There's many gals now a-flauntin' about in dirty finery, as is a disgrace, with a cane crinoline for to stick it out, as might have been a decent servant and a credit to herself."

So she ups and says as she never had no occasions to work, for her pa was a gentleman.

A pretty sort of gentleman, with the heels wore off his boots and the fingers out of his gloves, with two hundred a year in some office, and eight to keep out of it, and owin' seventeen pounds at the chandlery shop, as I wouldn't have the firewood from. I have seen the butcher with my own eyes take the joint from the door through not givin' them credit for nothin'.

I hadn't no patience with that gal a-settin' there a-talkin' about balls and parties, and how as her ma meant to give one, and for to ask me. So I says, "MISS CHELLINS, if you think as I wants any of your parties you're quite mistook, so don't let your ma bother her head about me."

She says, "I dare say as you would feel awkward as you did at Mrs. BUTLER'S."

I says, "Pray, whoever said as I was awkward anywhere?" I says; "and as to Mrs. BUTLER, she's no lady, and as to givin' parties, I think if she was to take her own father out of the workhouse it would be as well."

I quite forgot as Miss CHELLINS were niece to Mrs. BUTLER, and as it were her grandpapa consequential in the workhouse.

Up she fires, and says as he'd brought it on hisself through drink and gamin'.

As quiet a old man, bless you, as can be, and doin' well once in the coal-shed line, where Mrs. BODDY, as washes my heavy things, know'd him well.

I says, "Miss CHELLINS, poverty ain't no disgrace, though very ill-convenient; but," I says, "don't go for to take away his character, poor old gentleman." She says, "He might a-rode in his carriage."

I says, "Rubbish! you means the cart as he took round the coals and wegetables in, as no doubt he often did." If she didn't get up and say I were a low-lived party, and not fit for society.

So I says, "No, thank you, I am not, if society means a-cuttin' of a shabby genteel figger, with a rubbishin' gown on and stockin's as would disgrace a sweep, and a-starvin' of a servant-gal, and goin' in debt for a hearthstone, and a-top of all that, givin' a party with nothin' fit to eat or drink, then I'm not fit for it, and don't want it." I says, "None of your dashin' ways for me, as is only another name for the Insolvency Court." Well, she didn't hear no more, but goes out all of a bounce, and banged the street door pretty near off its hinges.

When BROWN was a-readin' the paper in the evenin', "Hallo," he says, "MARTHA, here's one of our neighbours through the hoop."

I says, "Whatever do you mean?" "Why," he says, "CHELLINS, Laura-place, South Lambeth."

"What?" says I. "Insolvent," says he.

I thought I should have dropped, to think of me a-hurtin' that poor gal's feelin's like that; but I says, "I'll go over the first thing in the mornin', and see if MRS. CHELLINS wants a friend, for though I don't want none of her society, p'raps she'll put up with me now, when I dare say the evenin' party folks won't care to be there."



Mrs. Brown has a Dog brought Home.

---

**I** ALWAYS did say, and them will be my words to my dyin' days, as animals is all very well in their places, and as to BROWN a-sayin' as it don't take much for to keep a dog, why it's downright foolishness, and don't stand to reason, though certainly you wouldn't give to a infant what you gives to a dog, yet it costs money, as everythin' does as is money's worth, as the sayin' is.

When I see BROWN come up to the door a-leadin' of that big dog, as I took for a calf, it give me quite a turn. You never see such a awkward, knock-kneed, all-over-the-place animal, as didn't seem to have no command over hisself no ways, and by his footprints up them doorsteps you'd a-thought as he'd got fifty legs, that you would, like the alligator out of the woods.

I says, "'LIZA JANE, don't open the front door for all his knockin'. I will not have that beast a-besmearin' my passage with his paws, as is capable of knockin' any one down if jumped on sudden."

As well I remembers poor Mrs. JACOBS in Great Prescott-street, as was in the wholesale glass and china line, with things that lovely a-comin' constant from over there in wooden cases with paper shavin's as *safeguards* agin breakin', and always unpacked them *in the fore court*, as I've stood myself a-lookin' at,

and I'm sure that dog was her death, though bite her he did not, through her jumpin' on the crate for to save herself, as, turnin' up sudden, pitched her into the airey, and never spoke agin.

So I don't hold with them large-sized dogs, as can reach up to the table with only their heads, and lick the cold meat if he hadn't time to collar the lot, as I see him try to do with my own eyes as BROWN was a-leadin' him through for to tie him up by the water-butt.

So I says to BROWN, "Whatever are you a-goin' to do with him." He says, "I've only got him for a few days."

But, bless you, I see as he was a-kiddin', as the sayin' is, and a-comin' the artful to see how I took it. So I says, "If it's only for a few days, it don't matter; but," I says, "live in the house with him I never can."

Bless you, he was down my throat in a minute, a-sayin' as I'd better stop till I was asked, and that some dogs was much more pleasanter than many as called theirselves Christians. I was natural hurt at them remarks, but didn't say nothin' more till I see BROWN a-fidgettin' about after supper.

So I says, "If it's that everlastin' dog as you're a-grizzlin' over, make your mind easy, for 'LIZA's give him all the bits, with a bowl of water and a lump of brimstone in, for fear as he should go mad and break his chain, and she's got some straw and a bit of old stair-carpet for to make him a bed, as is a kind-hearted gal, and seemed to take to the brute, as nearly throwed her down, with his head a-towerin' over her'n, with his paws on her shoulder.

Bless you, BROWN, he couldn't rest till he'd gone out with a light for to see as the creature was all right, as in my opinion was the cause of his goin' on as he did, for animals is very like children, if you wakes

'em up when first off, it's hours afore you'll get 'em to sleep agin, and so I told BROWN when he come up to bed. For I heard that brute a-givin' in to whines and short barks, as I know'd meant as he was a-tunin' up, as the sayin' is.

BROWN is one of them heavy sleepers as nothin' hardly won't rouse, and off like a church the minute as he's in bed.

I was a-droppin' off gentle like when I heard that dog a-makin' a sawin' sort of noise, as though he was a-gratin' of his chain, then I heard him give a short bark, and then a lot of whines, and was just off when I started out of my skin, for he give a howl as sounded through the place agin.

A nice game he kep' up, till I was pretty nigh mad. As to wakin' BROWN, I might as well a-tried to wake the cemetery, for he only says, "Bother the dog," and off in a minute.

"Well," I says, "bear this I can't."

So I goes to the staircase winder and opens it, as let in a chilly air, though I had got my thick cloak on and my head tied up. I didn't know the beast's name, so calls him "good dog;" but the moment as I spoke he flies out like a roarin' lion, and barked that furious, a-dashin' about like mad.

Well, I was that put out, and thinks to myself as pr'aps a jug of cold water over him might quiet him down. So I gets the large stone pitcher, as is always kep' full a-standin' on the landin', and puts the candle on the winder-sell, and just as I'd got the pitcher to the winder if the candle wasn't blowed out, but I thought as I could aim at that barkin' brute, as was tied up just under the winder.

Well, I gets the jug up on the winder ledge, and was just a-givin' it a turn when it give a slip, and out *it went*, and must have ketched on the corner of the water-butt.

I heard it smash with a crash as was distracting, and I hears some one cry out, "Murder! help! thieves! fire!" and I see a policeman's bull's-eye a-gleamin' and hears a rattle.

So I shets the window quick, and goes back to bed all in the dark a-listenin'. But soon there come a-hammerin' at the back-door, as obligated me for to go down, and if there wasn't two police as says to me, "If you keeps wild beasts, you did ought for to have 'em secured proper."

I says, "Who are you a-callin' wild beasts?" Says they, "Your dog, as has roused the neighbourhood, as have sent to the station-house, and the party next door is pretty nigh drowned, and might have been killed, with a stone pitcher a-fallin' on his head, as a nightcap ain't no protection agin."

I says, "Hang the dog! for what I cares I wish he was at Jericho." "Well," he says, "he may be by this time, for he's broke his chain and bolted."

Then I says, "Why ever did you disturb me?" "'Cos," he says, "we thought as there was thieves, as the old gentleman next door hollared out."

And if it wasn't poor old Mr. BRETTL next door as had come out of his warm bed for to try and pacify that dog as I'd been and soused through and through with cold water, as is a asthmatic party already. If the stone pitcher hadn't broke its fall agin the water-butt it must have been certain death to him.

Well, I told the policemen for to look round in the mornin', and gets to bed agin. In the mornin', when BROWN drawed up the blind for to shave, I heard him say, "Here's a pretty go," and never did you see such work as that dog had made, why, if he hadn't been and dug a hole big enough for to bury hisself in, and that undermined the water-butt, as it was all sunk a-one-side. So BROWN says, "Where's the dog?"

I says, "Thank goodness, gone." "Gone!" says



he. "Why he's worth ten guineas. I've bought him for a gentleman as asked me to keep him for a day or two."

"What!" I says, "you've paid the money for him?"  
 "Yes," says he. "We're ruined!" says I.

I couldn't rest, for as soon as ever breakfast was over I was out at the police station, but there didn't seem no chance of findin' the dog. I was put out, and went home with a heavy heart, offerin' of a half-a-sovereign to any one as would bring him. I wish I'd a-said five shillin's, for a boy brought him about three o'clock, as I do believe was only sent by them police as know'd where he was all the time.

Well, we fed him and coaxed him, 'LIZA JANE and me, and let him go about where he liked, for I was afraid to let him go into the garden.

Well, at last he took a fancy for to lay on the mat in the passage just as I'd gone up stairs for to tidy myself up for tea. When I come down it was nearly dusk, and if that dog didn't growl that frightful at me as I couldn't come down stairs nor 'LIZA JANE come up all the evenin', and we was prisoners till just on eight, when BROWN come in as soon settled my gentleman, and sent him round to the public-house stables, as is his fit place.

As to poor MR. BRETTLE, I hadn't the courage to face him; but when I did, he hadn't no idea as I'd throw'd the pitcher, but thought as it had fell accidental, as the sayin' is.

The money it cost for to set that water-butt right, and tidy up the garden after that dog was a little fortune, and I don't believe as ever BROWN got all the money back as he'd paid for the dog, but he took care for to keep that dark, and if ever he said a word about anythin', I was always ready with askin' why *he didn't* bring home another dog?









